191 FRONT DOOR DIARY Jan.1931-Dec. 29, 1931

VII iii # 1 Jan . 1931-March 31 1931

1/14/31 Mayor Curley visits (Famous people)
4th anniversary of oldest of WI schools the Redstone School
1/20/31 Strengthening foundations
1/29/31 Picture Mill in winter
1/28/31 Fraters
2/ 1/31 Pictures winter sports
2/4/31 Mention of "tiny WI RR Station"
2/5/31 Continued work on basement
2/6/31 Dish washing machine mention and other new equipment
2/7/31 Discussion of life of the Inn hostess from 11 AM to 10:30 PM
2/10/31 Picture North Wing from west
2/11/31 "Scarcely recognizable is the fire place in the Old Kitchen- new floor, repainted ceiling"
2/14/31 Death of Miss Welch who "mothered" hostesses.Obit 2/19/31
2/17/31 Picture front porch (Jan 31, 31)
Old Kitchen is changing
2/20/31 Picture Southwest School
2/23/31 Miss Monahan (new hostess)
2/24/31 Picture of approach over Old Stone bridge in snow
2/25/31 Watchman's duties
3/1/31 Picture Fraters
3/6/31 4th year of WIBS Seven boys here since the beginning
3/7/31 Discussion old Kitchen floor boards and walls
3/11/ 31 Picture of boys in lab
3/12/31 Picture of Oak and discuss of oaks "over 500 tears old"
3/14/31 Picture construction of Old Kitchen exterior
3/18/ 31 Picture of merchandising class.
3/12/31 Picture of Adam Howe House
3/23/31 Picture of kitchen crew
3/26/31 Picture of hostesses from summer of 1927; three still here deMille, Hopkins, Mr. Boyer) Miss Welch dead
Picture of Southwest school
3/28/31 Picture of front of Inn and Adam Howe Jr. house

VII iii #2 April 1931-June 30 30, 1931

4/2/31 Picture of winter landscape
4/6/31 Old Kitchen opened
4/10/31 Actors Rod la Rocque and wife Velma Banky (Famous people) visit
Pictures of reservoir, dam, water, dam from top
4/13/31 Last year fire threatened to destroy Old Tavern, fire today in fields
4/14/31 Picture Alice Boyer standing by pump
4/16/31 Picture spring field
4/17/31 WIBS presents "Great Pumpkin Case"
4/20/31 Picture Patriot's Day celebrated
5/5/31 Picture Southest school
5/8/31 Picture of Exterior of Old Kitchen being repaired, both from the front looking north and from the back, looking south
5/13/31 Lecture by Admiral Byrd in Framingham attended by hostesses

5/14/31 20 millionth Ford arrives at Inn. First car at WI was Stanley Steamer.
5/16/31 1700 gate leg table mentioned as being in the parlor
5/18/31 Picture Longfellow garden, looking east and showing white statue of lady to left
5/20/31 Picture of store
5/21/31 Picture of mill wheel and meditation on mill
5/3 23/3 "From the number of new cars, which have appeared in the family parking space since the first of the year, it would seem like this has been a good business year."
Picture of cars
5/26/31 Picture of gate house, looking north
5/28/31 Picture of field and barn looking north Calvin Howe House in background left
Reference to Inn as run by Mrs. Puffer 45 yrs ago (1886)
5/29/31 Record temp 94 degrees
Picture of Gate house looking south
6/1/31 Picture of garden, looking west toward trellis
6/3/31 Picture of garden looking east
6/4/31 Picture of Clifford Muise, WIBS boy, by pump
6/7/31 Picture of boys at Silver Beach and Miss Betty Boyer
6/12/31 Picture of Lab scene at reheasal for "Tommy"
6/13/31 Article "Glimpses of WI" from Ford News
6/14/31 Picture of group of children "Singing on Singing Hill"
6/14/31 Program Graduation exercises for WI schools
Pictures of grad exercises on Singing Hill (near by-pass)
6/17/31 Program for tree planting ceremony
Picture of tree planting
Program for graduation
6/18/31 Picture Maypole dance Redstone school
Picture Southwest school Maypole
Picture Southwest school baseball, cheering, hurdling
6/19 31 Program graduation Redstone and Southwest schools
6/20/31 Senior ball WIBS dance card
6/20/31 Picture Field day WIBS and senior picture
6/24/31 Picture ducks and turkeys
6/24/31 Visitor from 40 years ago but no ral comments
6/26/31 Poem by Charles Wagner priaising Boston (dreadful)
6/29/31 Picture lamp post in front of entry step and comments on lamp which is still oil.
7/1/31 Market offers ice cream
Picture June in Garden
7/2/31 Visit by Calvin Coolidge and wife (Famous people)
7/6/31 List of crops being raised
7/7/31 Picture of cattle bought June 1930
Picture of Swiss oxen
Picture of cheviot sheep bought 1929
Animal inventory includes 6 horses, 1 pony, i boar 7 sows.
7/8/31 Poultry farming and inventory
7/9/31 Orchard inventory includes 1000 trees on 25 acres (apples, peaches, quince)
7/10/31 Discourse on the fruit cellar
7/11/31 Market Garden inventory

7/14/31 Picture Muriel de Mille in Garden under trellis) came 1927
7/15/31 Picture Louise Poole (came Aug 1930)
7/ 10/31 Picture Ford grandchildren near Longfellow statue
7/21//31 Visitor from 40 years ago (1881) remembers dances at inn and food
Picture of coach in winter in front of inn
7/22/31 Priscilla Staples mentioned as "former hostess"
7/24/31 Boston Post cartoon on Inn
7/27/31 Picture Garden looking east at Longfellow
Picture gardner Mr. Lee
Chart of planting of flower garden
7/30 /31 Picture of pony cart (no identifiable background)
8/3/31 Picture of Marion Allen (came Aug. 29 to Redstone School)
8/4/31 "Old House at Sudbury" poem about WI by Parsons (handwritten)
8/5/31 Discourse on salvage yard
8/8/31 "It is such a nice custom you have of paying for meals befor one enters the dining room...it gives the guest the feeling of being entertained at the home of a friend particularly when ..waitress announces 'dinner is served'"
8/10/31 Son and daughter-in-law of Boyer spend honeymoon at Inn
8/11/31 Comment on W.I. as "force for good."
8/18/31 Pcture of Boyer's car
8/29/31 reference to Mrs Sarah Josephine Hall, the author of the last three stanzes of Mary Had a Little Lamb
9/1/31 Picture of Mill looking south west (back) stones sprayed around
lots of ivy
9/2/31 Priscilla Staples visits inn (left over a year ago)
9/3/31 Discourse on store and store keeper, Acton. B. Thriving
9/4/31 Guest says Edward Mead, great, great grand uncle, visited before Lemon and wrote editorial in Boston papers
9/9/31 Mrs. Bennet , hostess over the summer, starts teaching at Redstone School. Teachers to Redstone and southwest are Miss Allen, Mr. Hatch (visiting from boy's school) Miss Hopkins, Mrs. Poole, Miss Dickinson.
9/10/31 "hum of new electric cleaner somewhat disturbs the tranquillity" Discourse on morning at the inn.
9/12/31 Picture of Redstone School from 1930
Picture of cattle
List of attractions at the inn: Inn, Redstone school, cattle, market garden, flower garden; walled enclosed old fashioned garden; grist mill, Boy's school-Solomon Duttn Dorm; Country Store, Laboratory, dairy barns; orchards, reservoi.
: "care for ancient hostelry as mother dies her only child."
9/1531 Picture of cattle front of gate (from Boston Sunday News)
Discourse on charm of inn "much that is, in reality, but a revival of old customs is, to the average guest, new and therefore of utmost interest."
9/16/31 Guy Lombardi (sic) came to visit with 15 Royal Canadians (Famous People)
Visitor Sarah Mudge remembers characters in Tales
9/17/31 Mayor Curley sends visitors
9/21/31 Guests gather to watch roast sizzling in Old Kitchen. Guests come into Bar Room to pay admission fee.

9/25/31 Last time WIBS boys will eat at Inn dining room. From now on will eat at Dutton Lodge
9/30/31 Remark "sweetness of cider.

VII iii # 4 Oct. 1931-Dec 31, 1931

10/3/31 Rice/Brigham family reunion. Old man tells of attendng prayer meeting in Longfellow parlor.
10/8/31 Picture from Brigham/ Rice reunion
10/12/31 "Gray clad waitresses" quote from Treadway "Inn known for hospitality as well as food and lodging."
10/15/31 Man tells of coming to inn with Franklin D. Roosevelt when they were college students (Famous People)
10/19/31 Death of "One of the greatest men in the history of the world" Thomas Alva Edison.
10/20/31 Guests ask to see where Edison slept "Massive firniture of the Empire period"
10/21/31 Picture of WIBS bus (new)
10/27/31 First Old Kitchen dinner served this year. Van Shaik visits
11/2/31 Picture Parmenter House
11/ 5/31 Mention of admission before signing guest book
11/6/31 Mention of elms in front of inn
11/10/31 Mention of copper kettle in Washington dining room; also copper Betty in parlor; "nice to see parlor and ticking of two old clocks"
11/12/31 Mention of new road and traveling along a dirt road toward Framingham' ,mentions truned off to see Parmenter house.
11/14/31 Description of Old Kitchen
11/16/31 Description of "Home Products shop new collection of glass and china and Staffordshire figure, steigel glass, Mexican porridge dishes" on Welch dressser
~~11/17/31 Thanksgiving menu~~
11/19/31 Removal of window screens over fly season
11/20/31 On wall of Washington Dining room hangs dim old mirror "courting mirror."
11/23/31 Old stage coach formerly on Post Road... taken from Inn on a pilgrimage through cities as a forerunner of Christmas Seal sale.
11/24/31 Garden put to sleep, statues boxed.
Picture of celery crop.
12/1/31 Discourse on old houses on WI property
12/2/31 Miss Hopkins leaves has been here since 1927. her history
12/3/31 Picture rear of inn
12/4/31 Picture of front of inn
12/5/31 Picture of garden , facing Longfellow bust now boxed.
12/7/31 Picture "head house construction" at greenhouse on Duttom Road opposite Dutton Lodge.
12/8/31 Picture of fields showing barn, looking north
Picture of lamb in fields
12/9/31 reference to "our road. The high road above the one leading past the inn. Provides view of Grist Mill and grazing sheep Takes away heavy traffic from the inn road."
12/11/31 Program WIBS 3 one act plays
12/12/31 Description Wayside Inn market

12/14/31 Sample menu for boys a WIBS
12/17/31 Story of Post Road
12/22/ 31 Picture Country store at Christmas
12/23/31 Program of WIBS three Christmas plays
12/24/31 Mrs Lemon and Mr. Edward Lemon come to tea at Inn
12/25/31 "245 th Christmas at Inn" Christmas card showing Inn
12 28/31 Poem "Red Horse Inn of Sudbury Road," Author Anthony Wood '33 (A Holy Cross student)
12/30/31 Picture of Ida Tarbell because she was a friend of Mabel Welch and visited Inn (Famous People)
12/31/31 Invitation WIBS Leap Year Dance 1931-32
"Rang out the old year with a cowbell" Description of festivities.

Thursday, January 1, 1931.

A Happy New Year to All.

A delightful day at the Inn, A number of guests for dinner. There is perhaps no other day in the year, when a true brotherly spirit prevails in the world, than New Years. Every one with their goodwill messages.

The boys at the school had a toboggan party and skating party this afternoon, which was an ideal day for any winter sports.

Ring out the old, ring in the new
Ring, happy bells, across the sno
Year is going, let him go.
Ring out the false, ring in the tru

Friday, January 2, 1931.

Everyone seems bright and happy going on into the New Year. We always look forward at the Inn to an interesting year. Perhaps there is no place else in the country that has any more visitors and interesting ones than the Wayside Inn.

This is the time of year for each of us to ask himself what his highest hopes and ideals are and on what foundations he is building them.

To-day, as never before, the ways are open to every man to think and believe as he will.

And in this great venture of Life we should all have a confidence and a courage to meet what comes, which gives us a true spirit of serenity.

May the New Year hold for all those near and dear to the Wayside Inn, health, happiness and prosperity.

Wayside Inn

Saturday, January 10, 1931. Sunny and cold.

Assembling in the large ball-room, which was tastefully decorated with potted plants and greens, the pupils of the Wayside Inn School for Boys, together with their guests, gathered to hear the message brought by Miss Monahan, of the Inn staff.

Her subject was "Music" — on which she is well qualified to speak. As she talked, she told of music as a "morale-builder" and gave several interesting examples.

In his usual gracious manner, Mr. Boyer acted as master of ceremonies, introducing the speaker and announcing the musical numbers which were rendered by the Wayside Inn Trio, prefacing each number with a few well-chosen, descriptive remarks, which added much to the understanding and enjoyment of the selections.

In addition to opening and closing trio numbers, each member of the ensemble played a solo, and, greatest to the delight of all, the Director sang. Judging by the applause, the program was enjoyed by the audience.

After dinner a small group went to see Miss Welch, our "absent-resident-hostess," who, from reports, is improving; so that we hope soon to welcome her back to the Inn.

The evening brought another of the delightful Saturday dances, at which great interest was evidenced by those present in learning the latest.

Monday, January 12, 1931. Snow and rain.

..... "A chill no coat however stout
Of homespun stuff could quite shut out." ---

The Wayside Inn in a snowstorm! Tho Whittier's words were borne forcibly to the chronicler's mind before entering the old tavern, when the door swung wide on well-oiled hinges, all thought of needing coats of "homespun stuff" immediately were routed. For the blazing logs in the bar room said, "Come," - just as plainly and clearly as tho a human host had uttered the invitation. What was one to do? That one succumbed to the inevitable is obvious.

Nor was the bar room the only room boasting a roaring fire. In the old kitchen, scene of many a revel, the jovial crackling of the birch logs betokened good cheer, and one could all but smell the meat on the spit as mine hostess of The Red Horse patiently wound the roasting jack at three minute intervals.

But what visit to the Inn is complete unless one tarries a while in the parlor? Not to be outdone by kitchen or bar-room; the parlor fire sent a rosy glow over the objects in the room, as the long winter shad[illegible] [illegible] light hue an[illegible] continued its mad ca[illegible] [illegible] pane and [illegible]

Beautiful in spring and humming with activity at all seasons tho the old Inn is, an occasional stormy day in winter, with only the "family" in the hostelry, is much enjoyed by all.

Let the poet sing of the beauties and comradery of the camp-fire, to us of the Inn the cheer of our own hearth o'ertops them all; and we are

---- "Content to let the north wind roar
In baffled rage at pane and door."

Tuesday, January 13, 1931. Sunshine.

Frequently we of the Inn have requests from heads of schools for information concerning the Hayside Inn, together with appeals for cards or pictures of the various points of interest.

Because we feel it worth noting, we are offering the following list, made up of people to whom free cards and information have been sent, between September 3 and January 8.

*4	Miss Phyllis Godfrey	Lansing, Mich.
7	" " Bessie Roberts	" " " "
7	Master Herman Large	Meyersdale, Pa.
10	Mr. Harry S. Goodwin	No. Dartmouth, Mass.
7	Miss Ethel Stockwell	346 So. Belmont Ave, Indianapolis.
3	Master Rollin Mack	1101 E. Michigan, Ave., Lansing, Michigan.
3	Master Kenneth Dillinger	400 No. Penna. Avenue, Lansing Michigan.
7	Miss Helen Spillman	214 Detroit Ave., Lansing, Michigan.
10	Kestman Pub. Co.	570 Seventh Ave., N.Y.C.
2	Miss Mary Harrison	117 S. Fairview Ave., Lansing, Michigan.
7	Miss Katherine Houri	778 Grant St., Jersey City, New Jersey.
7	Miss Marjorie Scott	221 Pawtucket Avenue, Providence, R.I.
7	Jules Levin	Bellows Falls, Vt.
7	Mrs. Wm. Chase	Des Moines, Iowa.
7	Mrs. J. F. Gerstch	Greenville Texas.
8	Mrs. T. K. Robinson	Baltimore, Md.
7	Miss H. M. Gaummeter	St. Louis, Missouri.
7	Miss Pearl DeFer	Lansing, Michigan.

* No. of cards sent

7- Miss [illegible]. Patston — Akron, Ohio.
7- Miss [illegible] Robinson — Lansing, Michigan.
7- Miss [illegible]inia Smith — 781 Madison Avenue,
Council Bluffs, Iowa.

The names noted above are of people representing schools in their vicinities.

The sophomore class of Ashland High School, numbering nineteen, together with two instructors, made a visit to the Inn, in connection with their study of the "Tales of a Wayside Inn".

Wednesday, January 14, 1931. "Sunshine.

The fact that the Mayor of Boston, the Hon. James M. Curley, chose to visit the Hayride Inn today was, in itself, a gesture most complimentary and pleasing. Coming as it did, so soon after the sad death of his eldest son, it showed that in the Inn the Mayor had found the quiet peace and contentment of an old hostelry. With him were his daughters, another son, and the fiancée of the deceased youth.

Once in a while a noted person comes to the Inn, does not make his or her presence known, and the fact is only discovered later, when, by chance, one of the hostesses sees the name - or names - in the guest books. Yvonne Georgi and Harald Kreutzberg, the famous dancers, were guests on Saturday.

Thursday, January 15, 1931. Clear and cold.

There is a lovely spirit of friendliness and loyalty at the Inn among those who carry on its activities. Tonight Miss Monahan was guest artist for the "Mason and Hamlin Hour" at station WBZA at Boston. The boys who are studying violin with Miss Monahan, and one of the piano students went along as guests of the broadcasting studio; and they demonstrated, by their interest and attention, the fact that the boys of our school are keenly alive to, and appreciative of, their advantages. Immediately following the broadcast, came a telephone call from the Wayside Inn School for Boys telling how well the concert "came thru" and expressing their enjoyment of the music.

To feel assured of the interest and whole-hearted co-operation of the entire personnel of the Inn, is to be inspired to go ahead and strive for results far beyond any yet achieved.

Friday, January 16, 1931. Clear; cold.

Friday at the Inn is a day devoted to Terpsichore. From one o'clock on, the ball room is the scene of "heel-toe; one, two, three," done with varying degrees of success and proficiency.

At one o'clock, the pupils of the Redstone School assemble for their dancing lesson. There is an eagerness displayed by these youngsters which is shown, in increasing degree, by the members of the older classes. Which proves conclusively, we hold, that there is a certain something to be obtained in the dancing of old time steps, far beyond the mere joy of movement over a perfect dance-floor. It is deeper-a psychological condition, that, deny it tho we may, yet persists in spite of all, and manifests itself in the conduct of all those who make the Inn their "rendezvous".

Following the Redstone group come the children of the Southwest School, who stay until four o'clock.

In the evening, the younger boys of the Boys' School arrive, and the interest displayed by these young men is indeed gratifying. Possibly to-night's assembly, bringing as it did the group of girls to serve as partners for the boys, tended to heighten the enthusiasm and add zest to the situation. At any rate, the boys appeared to enjoy every moment of the class, and at eight-thirty gallantly escorted the ladies to their dressing room.

Saturday, January 17, 1931. Farm.

To-day marks the fourth anniversary of the oldest of the Hayside Farm group of schools - the "Mary Lamb" or Redstone School. Much has been written and said concerning this building, holding as it does, such a unique position among schools. We are reminded at times of the folk who "came to scoff, but remained to pray" - before one has heard the entire story of Mary and her lamb, he is convinced that the little school is an example of sincerity. The fact that the building is still in actual use, and that Miss Allen, the teacher, is achieving such fine results with the children is proof of the value of the structure, aside from the sentimental interest attached to it.

Against a background of green and white, the gowns of the ladies and sombre black of tuxedos stood out to advantage at the formal dance in the evening. It is a source of never-ending delight to see the enthusiasm with which one and all enter into the spirit of these affairs.

Wayside Inn Diary

Monday, January 19, 1931- ↑ snow sleet rain.

We have many elderly guests who come to the Inn, and, reliving some of the scenes of their youth, give interesting bits of information concerning events of a by-gone day.

One dear old lady related how she often came to dance in the old back-room, with its "spring" floor, and told of an incident, which, while laughable, might well have proved serious.

"At one dance", said she, "while 'Eight hands 'round' in the Portland Fancy was holding every one's attention, a tall man accidentally hit one of the lamps by which the room was lighted. As the oil spilled over the guests beneath the lamp, they were plentifully spattered. But 'on with the dance'- and the tall man doffed coat and vest and continued the figure in a borrowed over-coat."

What a different turn e-

scenes might have taken had the oil caused a fire! Gone would be one of the most picturesque rooms in the entire Inn: the scene of many a frolic and of revels galore. To-day, with the sturdy Hessians on guard at either fire-place, it bears mute testimony to the fact that it is a room which has <u>lived</u>.

Tuesday, January 20, 1931 - Sunny and fair.

For the last fortnight there have been activities below stairs in the old tavern. Mr. Pendleton and his men have been busy strengthening the foundations, straightening a settling beam here, and ripping out and replacing wherever it is wise to do so.

An entire new floor timber has been put under the bar-room; this while guests have been coming and going.

The "bar-room" chimney, one of the main ones of the Inn, has been raised an inch and a half; and a solid stone abutment containing 1,529+ cubic feet of stone has been built, on a twenty-inch foundation. A huge piece of masonry, it looks for all the world like some mediaeval dungeon sealed forever.

With the lowering of the cellar floor seven inches, the basement becomes very high-studded. Four inches of solid concrete will form the floor; when one considers the labyrinth of steam pipes, &c, beneath the floor, it is easy to realize that it is no small task to make the change.

Upon the completion of the work in the basement, the men will gradually work upward to the top of the house; un-

til the whole structure is plumb and true.

Wednesday, January 21, 1931. Sunshine.

Northampton, Mass.,
October 18, 1930.

My dear Miss Welch:

Two weeks have passed since our delightful visit to The Wayside Inn and not one of the days of them has closed without an appreciative reference to your cordial and kindly hospitality. It seems to me that ours was an ideal wedding-anniversary and your contribution to our

The above communication was put into the writer's hands recently, and it serves to remind us of the very delightful guests we had one week-end last Autumn.

To the boys of the Inn School, Mrs. Coolidge was most charming, as, indeed, she is to all with whom she comes in contact. She made a lasting impression upon the boys, however, they liked the way she "stepped right out" when she walked, and they still talk of her gracious smile.

That we may again welcome a former President of the United States and his Lady is the wish of the entire staff.

Thursday, January 22, 1931. Sunshine.

With the opening of the New Year came an opportunity for the senior boys of the School to "major" in certain prescribed subjects, the list of which was submitted to the boys for careful consideration.

Several wisely chose "Restaurant and Hotel Management;" and now these alert, keen young men come often to the Inn, on the quivive for news of the mechanics of management, and in general picking up every scrap of information available. During the past two weeks one of them has mastered the intricacies of the "bar," that important point where the financial business of the Inn is transacted. Greeting guests, explaining rates of meals and rooms, telling a bit of the story of the Inn, if need be, and always in a cheerful, business-like manner that merits praise, this young man will go far in his chosen field.

Down in the kitchen other boys are busy on another phase of the work. Actual experience in the preparation of meals is, of course, essential; and we find several making pies, salads, &c, under the supervision of the excellent cooks the Inn boasts.

Under the guidance of Mr. Sawyer, this course promises to be one most popular and instructive.

Friday, January 23, 1931. Clear and cold.

Because of the number of boys who are studying, and the fact that they need the instrument at Calvin Hoad House on which to practise, piano lessons are now given at the Inn instead of at the School, as was formerly the case.

From about four o'clock until after eight practically every day, the piano in the large ball-room is in use. Varying degrees of talent and ability are found in these students: there is the younger boy who said: "I guess I will like piano lessons - if I work." And some of the older ones who really want to play, yet, American-like, would find a "short cut" to the goal that is reached only by hard work and diligent attention to detail.

Haughty, twenty-five per cent of the boys who are studying have ability:- a fairly high percentage, incidentally - and provided they continue their studies and utilize their practice-periods to the best advantage, they should be able to do some really fine work in the time they spend at school at the Hayden Inn.

The other three fourths are average - there really does not appear to be any who are below the average. With them, it is a case of application - it is possible to acquire a certain amount of proficiency in piano playing, even this one has not exception-

at talent. While this may not be true of a stringed-instrument, for obvious reasons, results can be obtained more quickly on the piano, perhaps, than on any other instrument.

The taste of the boys varies: from the current popular songs to standard waltzes, marches, Chopin, and, in one or two cases, opera. But the point is that each and every one of them really likes music and enjoys listening to it.

With a dozen or more studying either violin or 'cello, and one or two working on other instruments, the music school of the wayside Inn ought to flourish and produce results in keeping with the fine work being done along other lines.

Saturday, January 24, 1931. Clear and very cold.

At the close of a perfect mid-winter day, a dinner in the old kitchen is indeed a treat for the visitor to the Inn. For over two hours before the meal, preparations were under way this afternoon for a party of a dozen or more, and the odor of the sirloin roast as it sizzled and sputtered in the "tin-kitchen" before the fireplace was most tantalizing — in addition to being extremely appetizing.

The fact that it gave a homelike, realistic touch to the story of the hostess as she and her guests went thru the room bore out our statement that the Inn is still a Wayside Tavern, catering to the hungry traveller, and offering shelter of the most hospitable sort.

After a jolly, friendly meal,— if one may judge by the sounds of hilarity and merriment wafted from the kitchen — the party trooped upstairs, re-assembling in the old ball-room, where they danced to the strains of reels and quadrilles as the old gramophone in the corner gave forth its tinkling tunes.

At eight-thirty, ten young women from the Newton Training School, Newton Lower Falls, together with a chaperone, descended upon

the Inn. It was in reality a "de-scending," for they came in a large truck, and from its high sides they clambered, tumbling over one another in their eagerness to reach the door and the intimate warmth of the bar-room. Covered with straw with which the truck had been lined, they resembled a hay mound come to life. The fact that one of the girls carried a pink hot water bottle was cause for merriment all 'round.

If one wants more proof of the Inn's popularity than the two foregoing accounts, he must indeed be a misanthropist of the direst sort.

—Anne Dickerson—

1/24/31.

Wayside Inn Diary

Sunday, January 25, 1931. Cold.

At two o'clock they began to arrive: these "boys" (the Universalist clergymen) who, for the last three decades have been romping about the Inn, enjoying the freedom of the place, and, in general, "retreating" for a few days each year from the cares and worries of daily life.

Tea was served at four o'clock before the bar-room fire to the first four arrivals, Drs. Tomlinson, Sykes, Hammatt, and Pope; and to Miss Hopkins, Miss Monahan, and Miss Ward. After tea, the men chatted and smoked, renewing old acquaintances and retailing news of one or another of their number.

When dinner was served in the old kitchen, shortly after six, everyone was ready to do justice to the delicious meal. After prayer was offered by Dr. Sykes, the party was seated, with Mr. Bayer at the head of the table. At his right was Dr. Sykes, and on his left Dr. Hammatt; Miss Hopkins, Dr. Fred Leining, Miss Monahan, Dr. Tomlinson, who, in point of attendance is the eldest, having come for his 29th reunion; Mrs. Bayer, Dr. McCollester, Dr. Fischer, Miss Ward, Dr. Pope, and Miss Dickerson.

The candle-light cast a mellow glow over the assembly, and before long Dr. Tomlinson was prevailed upon to relate some of his ex-

periences, which brought forth much merriment and like revelations from some of the others. One of the clergymen remarked upon the "undignified manner in which some of the men race to reach the Inn first." One climbed the gate in his anxiety to reach the door sooner than by ordinary methods of procedure.

In the parlor, haunted, as it were, by memories of other noted guests, these keen-witted, intensely live, human gentlemen assembled after dinner, where they were entertained by music furnished by the Wayside Inn Trio - violin, 'cello, and organ, brought in for the occasion. In the midst of it all, Dr. Albion arrived, bringing the total to eight.

The men were all loud in their praise of the Inn and its hospitality, and General spoke particularly of enjoying the privilege of arriving on Sunday, when they could be by themselves.

Monday, January 26, 1931. Warm; clear.

After an eight o'clock breakfast, the guests of the Inn started on a tour of the Hayside Inn surroundings. Naturally, the schools claimed their attention, and the Southwest, Redstone, and Boys' Schools were "well up" on the list. A visit to the Dutton House, Laboratory, and the Market made quite a round of calls.

Luncheon at one and new arrivals appearing, old contacts renewed, anecdotes exchanged, made the day pass quickly and pleasantly.

Mr. Coons, Brooks, Huntley, Gray, G. H. Leining, Ellenwood, Perkins, Cowing, Cowden, Fitz, and von Schaick bring the total to nineteen.

At the gracious invitation of the speaker, Dr. Rose, the senior boys were present at the gathering in the old ball-room, where we were taken thru England, France, and Russia by way of very fine pictures taked and shown by Dr. Rose. He saw Russia from a slightly different angle than that ordinarily presented, and followed with interest the journey of the speaker thru that restless, changing land.

The Trio again furnished

music, this time having as the third instrument the little 89 year-old piano which the small ball-room boasts.

Tuesday, January 27, 1931. Warm and sunny.

Each succeeding day finds our live-wire guests busy at one thing or another. The meetings in the old Kitchen, the meals in the pleasant dining-room,— all serve to weld the men together with a strong bond of fellow-ship; but perhaps more than these, the men enjoy the quiet moments of conversation, when two or three gather and talk among themselves. Seated in the Washington bedroom beside the old Bible box, two of these friends talked and smoked to-day, long after it had become too dark for reading, or even for making out the various objects in the room. Moments like these, be one a Universalist clergyman or not, are precious in the lives of all of us, and are among our most cherished memories.

The evening brought the traditional "spelling bee"— in chairs ranged about the parlor the men and some of the ladies of the Inn grouped themselves, and "the fight was on." We are told that this has been a feature of the Retreat ever since its inception at the beginning of the present century, and tho carried on in a spirit of fun, there is an underlying note of sincerity and seriousness about it that adds zest to the affair.

Wednesday, January 28, 1931. Spring-like.

At noon to-day, there were but thirteen of our visitors left, and when night fell, all but two, Drs. Gray and Atkinson, had departed, not to return again until next January.

Returning to their various churches throughout the country, these men, feeling enriched by their short sojourn at the Inn, will take up their work with renewed vigor and enthusiasm. But I wonder if any of them realize that they have given as well as received. The association with men of such fine ideals and principles has been an experience not to be soon forgotten by those of us who come in contact with them, and our kind thoughts and good wishes go out to them as they return to their work.

Summer Retreat
of Universalist Clergymen
Hupside Inn
1931

Music by the Trio seemed to be enjoyed by the men, who, as usual, clamored for more.

With the arrival of Drs. Cowsens and Leighton the total attendance was swelled to twenty-one.

A harbinger of what must of necessity happen, occurred in the departure of four of the men. The ranks will gradually be thinned, and, like the Arabs, our guests will soon "silently fold their tents and steal away."

Doctor Tomlinson (L) and Doctor Sykes - deans of the Retreat, inasmuch as they are the "eldest" - from a standpoint of attendance.

Jan. 27, '31.

Thursday, January 29, 1931. Snow - then rain.

It is a source of wonder to a great many that the Hayside Inn is not open on Sunday. Frequent requests for dinner reservations are made; but today it was necessary to refuse the request of a Boston boy who wished to bring several members of the Chicago Grand Company to dinner on Sunday. That, of course, is the only day on which the members of the Company are free; their Boston season is but of two weeks' duration, and it is seldom that many can get away at the same time.

Should the stray guest by chance happen to approach our gates on Sunday, the padlocked wooden seem to belie our boast of hospitality. To use the expression of one who had attempted to "storm the citadel": "It's locked up tighter than a drum, and no mistake."

Tho it is a matter of great disappointment to many who would visit the Inn on Sunday, and who can come on no other day, it is, in our opinion, a wise gesture that the entire staff have the day to themselves.

There is a sort of Arcadian quiet and peace which, tho perhaps one is loath to admit it, grips one; and be it winter

or summer, on beholding the scene, one is filled with nobler, better thought, and is the better for having been in the vicinity.

Friday, January 30, 1931. — Cold - then snow.

A cold morning soon developed into a typical New England winter day. The snow came down and in a very short time had covered the Inn and surrounding country-side with a mantle of white. As night drew on, the storm increased in fury, and the keen, cutting wind bit into the flesh like millions of tiny needles dropping from the atmosphere.

As a result, the number of guests at the Inn was small; but what mattered that to the workers? The dancing classes were in session as usual, and a great deal of progress was made by the young folks. It really is most heartening to observe the manner in which they enter into the task - if "task" it be! - of learning the various dances. The boys give all indications of thoroughly enjoying the company of the girls who, every Friday, come as partners for them.

Indeed, one young lady very insistently demands that her parents adopt one of the boys. The little miss in question is ten years old, or thereabouts, and the boy is about fourteen. She wanted, to quote the little girl, "to take the place" of a brother

who evidently died some time previously. Whether or no her parents acquiesce in her request, and even tho the chubby-faced, dimpled lad under consideration may be averse to such a plan, it shows a sweet spirit of helpfulness on the part of the child which will always remain with the boy as a happy reminder of his life at the Wayside Inn.

Saturday, January 31, 1931. Snow-then clear.

"Coming out from under" is a homely phrase, but it is one which eloquently describes the process thru which the Inn went this morning. The storm of last night, tho somewhat lessened in intensity, did not altogether cease until this morning. Shovels and gloves were much in evidence, and when the wintry sun broke thru the clouds, the walks and paths were cleared and trim.

As the Bard of Avon so aptly puts it: "when icicles hang by the wall ..... And Tom bears logs into the hall; When blood is nipt and ways be foul;---- When all about the wind doth blow, And birds sit brooding in the snow."----.----

Icicles, hundreds of them, hung from the eaves, and as they glistened in the sun reminded one of the fairy palaces of which we were wont to dream in our childhood days.

Anne Dickerson

" 1/31/31.

Wayside Inn Diary

Sunday, February 1, 1931. Very clear and cold.

A panoramic view of the Ezekiel Haw House and surrounding countryside showed today a kaleidoscopic scene: the many vari-colored costumes of the participants in the winter frolic of the Wayside Inn family and friends made a charming, ever-shifting picture of "Old New England." One might easily imagine himself transported to a former day, were it not that the sleds were more modern and the costumes (of the girls particularly!) different from any that Ezekiel or any of the Haws of that time ever beheld.

A long hill, perfect for tobogganing and coasting, measured up to expectations and was covered at all times with those whose interest lay in that direction. Nor were skiers lacking — every few moments a noble aspirant for fame would go down amid flying snow and to the accompaniment of the cheers and shouts of the onlookers.

On the ice a welcome fire was kindled and about it were

February 1 - continued.

cramped those who were weary or cold, and - there were in the majority, - the revellers who were interested in the maneuvers of the culinary department, under the

efficient direction of Mr. Daigle. Delicious "hot dogs," - baked beans, crackers, roasted nuts, and fruit were served, after which the entire company wended its more or less weary way to Calvin Hall House, where a half hour of community singing was enjoyed and where one and all pronounced the day a complete success from every standpoint.

Monday, February 2, 1931. Cold.

It is a well known fact that the Inn plays host to guests from many states and foreign countries during the year, but it is worthy of note, methinks, that on one day this Autumn there were representatives from twenty states and four countries.

In the period between October 18, 1930, and February 2, 1931, there were thirty-nine states, twenty-one foreign countries, and five provinces of Canada listed; and in view of the fact that not all of our guests register, there is a strong possibility that several more places might be added to the number.

The summer-time would naturally seem to call forth visitors from all points, but we have, in the following list, proof positive that the Inn is popular (and deservedly so!) at all seasons of the year.

-States represented in Register-

-Oct. 18, 1930 to Feb. 2, 1931.-

Massachusetts	Rhode Island
New York	Connecticut
Virginia	California
New Jersey	Pennsylvania
Vermont	Iowa
Ohio	Illinois
New Hampshire	Michigan
Indiana	Maine

February 2 - continued.

Missouri
Utah
Oregon
Maryland
Florida
Texas
Kentucky
W. Virginia
Kansas
Nevada
Louisiana
Washington
Minnesota
Colorado
Wisconsin
Alabama
Oklahoma
Nebraska
N. Carolina
Georgia
Wyoming
Arizona
New Mexico
District of Columbia

-COUNTRIES-

England
* Hawaii
Germany
* Alaska
Sweden
Denmark
France
Central America
Argentina
Scotland
China
Holland
Ireland
Africa
Norway
Japan
Brazil
Italy
Bermuda
Portugal
South Africa

-PROVINCES-

New Brunswick
Ontario
Quebec
Nova Scotia
Newfoundland

* U.S.

Tuesday, February 3, 1931. Very cold.

Once in a while this section is "treated" to what the old inhabitants term "a real old fashioned New England winter." This morning the thermometer showed different readings in various localities. Ten degrees below zero seemed, from reports, to be a fairly conservative estimate, this twelve degrees below was reported at Calvin Hall House.

The man in charge at the greenhouse stated that at two o'clock the mercury had dropped to twenty degrees below zero - a real record, we believe, for this part of the state. Inasmuch as the greenhouse is but a mile from the Inn, we venture to affirm that the temperature at the latter was somewhere near that very frigid mark; tho it must be confessed that we were not, at two in the morning, in a position — or mood! — to verify it.

Many a sage old head was nodded and many were the solemn remarks passed anent the comparative coldness of the winters nowadays and in the days when "Ed. Lemon run the Inn." Let Time have a softening influence, if it will — it likewise has a subtle way of exaggeration; how. he old folks ever weathered those by gone winters is still a mystery. In comparison with them, our "modern" winters are but brisk,

February 3; continued.

autumnal days, and we of the Twentieth Century have never seen a real snow storm.

Be that as it may, no one, not even the oldest inhabitant, can detract from the beauty of the scene, now the snow has blanketed everything with a downy coverlet of purest white, and when even the ugliest fence post or prop becomes a work of art, with delicate arabesques and traceries far beyond any conceived by mortal man.

Wednesday, February 4, 1931. Farmer.

Promptly at 6:30 a group of congenial spirits assembled at the Inn prepared to embark upon an adventure in the form of a sleigh-ride. As the main thoroughfares were devoid of the necessary equipment to make such a thing possible, Sutton Road offered tempting possibilities; and it was, accordingly, along this way that the trail led up hill and down, over the ruts as well as in and out of them, swaying from side to side, the sleigh wound its leisurely way amid much laughter and merriment from the occupants.

Continuing its jolly course past the tiny Rapids Inn Railroad Station, the party at length reached the Four-west School, where nourishment and sustenance awaited one and all. To say that mirth reigned supreme would be to put it all too mildly: for, with their entrance into the school-room, each member of the group seemed to return, for the moment at least, to the days of childhood - and behaved accordingly.

Napkins were spread over the desks for protection, and then (if we may be pardoned the lapse into slang) the process of what someone has termed "interior decoration" began. Served by four of the boys who are studying hotel

February 4 continued.

management, the oyster stew, toasted sandwiches, pickles, cocoa, coffee, and cottage pudding tasted delicious.

What a scene the room presented! We could not but contrast it with its appearance but a few short hours previous when the pupils were all sitting quietly and in order awaiting dismissal for the day.

After games and songs, it was decided 'twere best to disband, and at 9:57 the party was over and the groups dissolved at the Inn, tired, but illustrating the old adage: "A little nonsense now and then is relished by the best of men."

Thursday, February 5, 1931. Warm.

The basement of the Inn and the work being done there seem to hold a sort of fascination for one; the temptation to visit frequently proves too great to resist and the result is another talk with Mrs. Pendleton.

The old kitchen chimney is now the scene of activity and an interesting spectacle it is, tunneled under as it has been and braced in every conceivable point by huge timbers. A veritable sand pit is beneath the masonry - or rather, was - and it is to get below this to a solid foundation that so much has been dug away from the chimney.

Larger than the bar-room structure, the kitchen chimney tapers more so that at the top it appears smaller. Its base, however, is approximately nine feet square.

As the sand is shoveled away from the chimney, it is thrown into the door yard where the oxen cart it away to the nearby swamp where it does its part in the making of new land. That it is being put to use bears out the whole foundation upon which the Wayside Inn movement is based: that everything shall be utilized to the best advantage and

nothing wasted.

Today a group of twenty-seven children with one teacher came from Hudson High School to visit the Dam. Inasmuch as it represented the English class of the school, the students showed a keen interest in the Tavern and the Longfellow connection with the Dam.

The old kitchen was the scene of a dinner party of sixteen young folks, while four older people of the same group were served in the Washington Dining Room. As is always the case, the visitors expressed great delight and appreciation for all that the Dam did to ensure their comfort and pleasure, and lingered in the bar-room long after they had finished their meal.

Friday, February 6, 1931. Warm.

Mention has previously been made in these pages of the boys who are studying "Hotel and Restaurant Management" under Mr. Boyer. An interview with Mrs. Sanborn in the kitchen today disclosed the fact that these boys seem to have measured up, thus far, to expectations: in that they have intelligently tried to accomplish what has been required of them.

Three of the five were "below stairs" for two weeks: one at the range, one at the dish-washer, and the other in the stock-room.

The boy at the range made bread, pies, and cream cheese, helped with lunches and dinners, and in general did anything necessary in the way of food preparation.

The dish-washer, a "Crescent," is one of the newest type: the water may be heated either by gas or by electricity. The boy who had charge of this machine had to thoroughly understand its operation and mechanism, and demonstrate his ability to manipulate it properly.

In the stock-room, the third young man took charge of the ordering and receiving and general checking-up processes. He brought in supplies and superintended the distribution of the same. An important phase of the work, it will be followed up, no doubt, by study in

February 6, continued.

the purchasing departments of other branches of the Inn management.

One cannot leave the kitchen without a passing comment on the immaculate condition of the equipment — the new gas ranges for cooking and broiling; the new steam-table, heated by gas, which keeps dishes as well as food hot; the electrically heated "Gloecker" steamer, in which our vegetables are cooked, and the electric bake-oven.

The complimentary remarks of the guests who dine at the Inn are understood when one actually sees the "wheels in motion" in the kitchen; and the fact that these boys have been — and are — a part of it all is most heartening.

Saturday, February 7, 1931. Sunny and cold.

At eleven o'clock Assembly, held at Calvin Shaw House, the speaker talked on "Work" and the dignity of labor; the happiness of the man who has found himself thru work and who, as a result, loves his job.

This is the story of a hostess who is happier and more contented than she has been since her school-days - simply because she is at last doing work which is a joy to her and in surroundings which are pleasant.

In this connection we may be pardoned if we take and trace her activities for one day.

Taken from a financial standpoint, perhaps, this was a quiet day at the Inn - scarcely fifty people visited the house and comparatively few had a meal or tea. But the time of the hostess in question was well occupied from her arrival at eleven until the front door was barred after the last guest at 10:30 at night.

Assisting at the morning assembly was a very satisfactory way of opening the day's work. Dinner followed - a merry, sociable affair - and permission was given to take some of the boys - off for the afternoon - to Framingham, where various duties had to be performed,

February 7- continued.

and where the hostess likewise had an errand to do for the Inn.

Back at 2:30, an attempt was made to get a picture of the white oxen "in action"; but failing in this, she hurried out of coat and hat and took a group of eleven Wellesley College girls thru the Inn. A most vital, interesting unit they proved to be, listening intelligently to all they were told, and lingering as long as they possibly could.

Quiet restored, the hostess settled down to the task of compiling questions in American history for Graded VII and VIII for Monday's lesson, and in garnering news for the Journal for future reference. The fascination of the work held her, and it was time for supper before she was aware of the fact.

The solemn rite of listening to the accounts of the afternoon's exploits as told by the boys occupied the supper hour, and at its conclusion the position of "far-maid" was assumed.

At seven, guests began to arrive to rehearse the Minuet, and at eight our Saturday dancing began, lasting until 10:15, when good nights were said, and the Inn settled down to the Sabbath calm and stillness that claim it once each week.

Anne Dickenson.

2/7/31.

Wayside Inn Diary.

Monday, February 9, 1931. Snowing.

A visit to the market disclosed the fact that the operations and excavations at the Inn proper are not the only activities in progress at the present time.

Because the drinking water at the store is not as good as we would wish, workmen came on February 4 and started boring for an artesian well near the old watering trough. On the first day a depth of thirteen feet was reached, we were told, while on the second only two feet more were added, inasmuch as the drill struck a ledge, where it was hoped that the desired water would be found.

Today, in the absence of Mr. Cahill, one of the boys in the merchandising course very efficiently took charge of affairs; and it was interesting to note the business-like manner in which he handled telephone calls and jotted down important memoranda. One of the Wayside Inn School boys was assisting wherever necessary, but the major part of the work devolved upon the older lad.

In this connection we might tell a bit about the merchandising course under Mr. Hatch and Mr. Cahill. Two of the senior boys have

February 9 - continued.

chosen this course, and last week made a trip to Boston with Mr. Hatch, where they visited the Batchelder-Snyder plant. Watching the meat cutters at work, observing the manner in which sausages are made, and watching the making of frozen foods furnished material enough for a theme and greatly increased their knowledge and desire to know more of the subject.

Each week these boys are given an examination: five questions each in salesmanship and purchasing and a chapter in their textbook are required.

It is an amusing fact that each senior boy is certain he has chosen the course, and cannot understand how the other fellow can possibly have chosen wisely! If the instructors can keep up the enthusiasm of the boys the benefits to all concerned will be legion.

Tuesday, February 10, 1931. Gray - then clear.

Tho we are well aware of the fact that the setting of our Inn is lovely, each new day of this glorious winter weather brings forth new beauties of scene, and we gaze in wonder and amazement as the picture reveals itself before our eyes. A snow-laden branch — a heavily weighted bush atop which is perched, perchance, a snow bird or other hardy songster — these tend to make of the place "a thing of beauty and a joy forever."

Without savoring too strongly of the poetic, we might write a

theme on "Voices in the Garden". There in quest, one day recently, of photographic material, with which we are plentifully surrounded, the garden naturally beckoned. The trim paths

February 10 - continued.

of May were hidden by the snow which lay thick over everything, and every bough and twig held its own cotton-like wisp of winter. The wall, too, was conventionally garbed in purest white with only an occasional brick peeping forth, lending a somber touch of color to the crystalline brightness of the spot.

A profound silence at first fell upon the ear; then, as at the lifting of the conductor's baton, myriads of voices seemed to fill the air, and from every side came the sweet, low calls of winter birds. The spruces concealed juncos, one of which darted forth just as the camera was focussed upon its place of sanctuary. The shrill, authoritative note of a blue-jay (was it, perhaps, our friend of the summer?) broke into the theme of the other songsters like the clap of cymbals in a pastoral symphony. Discordant - yes; but somehow it typified Life and

February 10, 1916 Continued.

its vicissitudes, and exemplified the fact that one must "come down from Olympus" and mingle with mortals; the better for the contact and the more fitted to face the world.

"Let us then be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing;
Learn to labor and to wait."

Wednesday, February 11, 1931. Cold.

Scarcely recognizable is the fireplace in the old kitchen. As a result of the oft-mentioned activities in the basement of the Inn, the raising of the chimneys, &c, the hearth in the kitchen has been ripped up and the bricks are being re-laid in a new bedding of concrete. The fireplace, too, has a new "floor".

Worn smooth by the passage of many feet over them, the hearth bricks take on an appearance of great antiquity. They have achieved an almost glazed look, so smooth are they.

A repaired ceiling in the room, a new landing just outside the door, and the kitchen, like the bar room and other rooms, becomes "all dressed up" and ready for the influx of visitors which every Spring and Summer brings forth.

Winter at the Wayside Inn is a time of preparation, of bursting activity, not a time of hibernating. In a way, it is the busiest time of the year, as witness the work just mentioned and the activities in the three schools, as well as the various classes in dancing.

Thursday February 12, 1931. String like.

Lincoln's birthday was flag-flying from the various buildings of the Wayside Inn group, while the walls of the Southwest School were adorned with pictures of the great president.

The Thursday dancing-class composed of people from the town of Sudbury, met as usual under the leadership of Mr. Varrichione. Surprisingly well they mastered the intricacies of the new quadrille figure which he taught them, and seemed as eager and fresh at the end of the lesson as when they began.

Because of the approaching Lenten season, the Thursday and Saturday assemblies are to be discontinued; and as a result of the progress made by the Thursday class, Mr. Varrichione announced that the members would be eligible for our Saturday night gatherings. The murmur of approval with which this announcement was greeted was sufficient proof that the time and energy spent by the instructor were well repaid.

Friday, February 13, 1931. Warm.

At 2:15 this afternoon the pupils of the Southwest School and their guests assembled in the ballroom for a "Martha Washington" party.

The costumes were most picturesque and in some cases very beautiful - very little imagination was required to transport one in fancy to a former day, when knee-breeches and ruffs were in order, and when powdered wig and peruke were everywhere in evidence.

To see the young folks in the various dances was a pleasure; as they did the Badger Gavotte they made a particularly pleasing picture - graceful, poised, and charming.

A three-figure quadrille, heel and toe polka, waltzes, Sicilian Circle, gavotte, and some very good marching made up the program, with the music being furnished by the Bayside Inn trio.

Gallantly did the young gentlemen squire their ladies to the dining room where refreshments were served, and right briskly did cookies and chocolate disappear!

At four the last adieus had been said to host and hostess, and the party was but an-

February 13- continued.

other of the memories with which
our wayside fun life is crammed.

Saturday, February 14, 1931. 6 p.m.; clear, cold.

To each of us there comes a time when a sad task must be performed—one that grieves us and one that we wish might be avoided. So it is that we feel now in writing of the passing of Miss Mabel Welch!

The Inn has lost a friend—nay, more than that: the child has lost its mother; for Miss Welch was just that. She mothered every hostess who worked with her, took on the cares and troubles of each as tho they were her own, and truly made them her own, so sympathetic was she and so thoughtful of others.

Three prospective hostesses were interviewed at the Inn by Mrs. Bayer one Sunday last April. Sunday is the one day of the week when the Inn is closed and when the resident hostess may feel free—if she so chooses—to forget the tavern and visit friends or relatives. To give a more hospitable air to the place and a home-like welcome to the strangers, Miss Welch remained at the Inn to greet the young women, even tho she was not at all certain she would ever again see any of them. As a matter of fact, a most tempting week-end trip had been refused to allow of this charming gesture of courtesy.

A young couple came to the

February 14- Continued.

Inn to celebrate their wedding anniversary. A fretful, crying infant prevented the full enjoyment of their meal. Miss Welch took the child to her own room and cared for it until the parents claimed it.

And so it went. Little, unobtrusive acts of kindness and helpfulness, a word of encouragement here, a suggestion there, and over it all a pervading gentleness and thoughtfulness with which was mingled a keen sense of humor endeared her to all of us.

The morning assembly took the form of a short memorial service of music and prayer, held in the ball-room which our friend so dearly loved and where she had spent so many happy hours.

Let us think of her as departing this life on February 13 ---- "Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, And lies down to
pleasant dreams."

Anne Dickerson.

" 2/14/31.

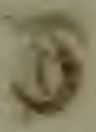
Wayside Inn Journal.

Sunday, February 15, 1931. Clear; fine.

The Inn-keeper, after an absence of several months, arrived this morning for a stay that we feel will be all too brief, if we judge by the length of the fleeting visits we have had of late. It is a joy to us, however, that the "landlord" and his gracious lady, busy tho they are, still have the inclination to visit the Inn, and relax for a few hours in the atmosphere of comfort and cheer which the place affords.

To the Trio was extended the privilege tonight of playing for Mr. Ford and his companions. Seated before the fireplace in the ball-room, the ruddy glow of which afforded most of the illumination in the room, our host, who was likewise our guest, listened attentively as the "tavern orchestra" played.

We hope our listeners enjoyed the performance: at any rate, the performers deemed it a pleasure and a privilege to be asked to play, and enjoyed every moment of the time.



Monday, February 16, 1931. Warm.

An air of importance descends upon the Inn at a time like this: the owner is about and there is given an added zest to the performance of everyday, routine tasks. Never irksome at any time, they become invested with an added interest: for the consciousness that Mr. Ford feels a personal concern in each and every activity is in itself a spur to greater effort and endeavor.

It was a sad day for all of us, it came to an end all too soon with the departure, shortly after seven, of the landlord and the little lady, his wife, whom we all respect and admire.

As a last outward symbol of respect and devotion, four members of the Inn staff and six of the older boys of the School attended the funeral of Miss Mabel Welch. But our devotion and loyalty to her will continue with every act of kindness and loyalty performed in and for the Inn which was her pride and joy, and in her constant thoughts even until her final release from pain and suffering.

With Miss Welch, the Inn was ever the first consideration. Shall we emulate her,

Tuesday, February 17, 1931. — Warm.

JANUARY 31, 1931.

New England, insofar as her weather is concerned, is a pickle, capricious maiden. A few short days ago the Inn presented the above appearance, while now there is not a vestige of snow or icicle left to remind us of the scene.

But who knows what the morrow may bring forth? Today, basking in the warmth of a spring-like day, tomorrow may find us in the grip of a blizzard which cripples traffic, and delays business.

Through it all, however, the work at the Inn continues: the old kitchen is undergoing its metamorphosis, "Jerusha" is being deprived of 'her' bed, and a general scrubbing and cleaning

February 17- continued.

up process is in progress in the serving pantry.

Piano, violin, 'cello, harmony, and singing lessons continue, as do the various classes in the three schools. Oh, there is not a dull day thru the year, be the weather what it may- and he who says, "This was an awfully slow day at the Inn", has missed entirely the point and has lost sight of the pattern in the fabric which we are weaving.

Wednesday, February 18, 1931. A Fair.

At the Inn we are little given to statistics and lengthy, detailed reports; but a glance at our special register for 1930 reveals several names of distinguished persons who have visited us.

Hamilton C. Macdougall heads the list, with Governor Green of Michigan following. The Commissioner of the U.S. Shipping Bureau, Mr. Jefferson Myers, and Mrs. Myers; the children's writer, Frances Margaret Fox, and Robert Strong Woodward, artist and painter, follow in close succession, leading us to John D. Rockefeller, Jr. Well do we remember the visit of Mr. Rockefeller and the charming letter he sent to one of the hostesses in token of his appreciation for her hospitality in showing him about the Inn.

We were "thrilled," as the young folks say, when the popular, handsome bandmaster, Edwin Franko Goldman entered our doors. Indeed, he has twice visited us in the past year, and we hope to again welcome him.

The poets are represented, too, for we entertained Esther Lowell Cunningham, granddaughter of James Russell Lowell, and Emma Longfellow Burlingame.

We had Joseph D. Franklin, Mayor of Waltham Cross, England,

February 18- continued.

as well as the Mayor and Mayoress of Winchester, England; Lieutenant Count Clarence Rosen of the Swedish Royal Horse Guards, and our own ex-President Coolidge and his charming wife to stand for political and diplomatic circles; while the stage and literature were represented by Temple Bailey, the author, the inimitable Shylock in the person of Maurice Muscovitch, and the revered-famous Gilbert K. Chesterton.

Cyrus H.K. Curtis, of the Curtis Publishing Company, and his daughter, Mary Louise Curtis Bok, willingly wrote their names in our book, while the Boston musician and composer, Karl Kissland, obligingly inscribed a few bars from one of his compositions.

The field of sport must not be neglected - so Francis Ouimet, of golf fame, was added to the list of signers, and the cartoonist, Frank O. King, creator of "Skeezix", lent a humorous touch with the sketch of his "brain child" which he made.

Yes, our guest-book makes interesting reading, and we prize it as one of our choicest possessions.

Thursday, February 19, 1931. Snowy.

Mabel Welch

In this busy world of ours, it would be hard to find a life that has meant as much to as many different people as the life of Mabel Welch. First, as hostess at the Wenham Tea House, Wenham, her exquisite taste, her faultless choice of beautiful things, taught and helped countless numbers, and her love and interest toward her work was an inspiration to the entire neighborhood. During the last years, as hostess of the Wayside Inn, Sudbury, she has shown to many a tired traveler, by her gracious personality, brilliant mind, inimitable sense of humor and untiring efforts, what the real understanding of true hospitality could be. She made both rich and poor value the friendship of Mabel Welch as one of their most precious memories.

The difficult part of the work for the hostesses has begun: visitors come to the Inn and inquire for Miss Welch; and it is the sad duty of the girls to relate the recent loss the Inn has sustained.

No more fitting tribute could be paid than that contained in the above clipping, taken from one of the Boston papers, and sent to the Inn by one who never had met Miss Welch, but who admired her character and personality thru hearing of her.

The members of the Inn staff are the better for having worked with Miss Welch — we say "worked with" advisedly, for one never had the sensation of being "under" her, tho she held the position of senior

February 19- continued.

hostess;- it was the feeling that each and every one was a co-worker that made things run smoothly and happily for all concerned. In fact, therein lay one secret of Miss Welch's popularity: she had the happy faculty of causing the wheels of the Inn to run smoothly and to make each one of her workers feel content.

To quote from the clipping, we of the Inn "------ value the friendship of Mabel Welch as one of our most precious memories."

Friday, February 20, 1931. Snow.

Years ago, the chronicler attended a school similar to our own Southwest, and in addition to mastering the rudiments of education as presented by the teacher in charge, took part in various "exhibitions" or celebrations. These were to commemorate the birthdays of national heroes or some important event, and took the form of singing and "speaking pieces."

Naturally, it was in a reminiscent mood that we attended the exercises at the Southwest school this afternoon, when four men whose birthdays come in February were honored. The lives of Washington, Lincoln, Longfellow, and Edison were reviewed by the various scholars, while interspersed thru the program were songs by the entire school, with pupils playing the accompaniments most effectively on the tiny organ.

There was the "worst boy in the school" who, contrary to custom in stories of affairs of this kind, really remembered his "piece"; the tiny lad who spoke the Gettysburg address straight thru from start to finish without hesitation; and the "little brother" (what performance was ever complete without him!) who came with "Daddy" and commented audi-

February 20- continued.

-bly on each of the numbers, applauding loudly as "Big Brother" finished.

As guests, there were several parents, as well as the pupils of the Mary Lamb School, who, incidentally, had their celebration to-day also. The visitors took seats at the desks obligingly left vacant by the Southwest students.

What a host of pleasant memories their children will have to look back upon as they grow older! May their days at the Happier Inn schools be remembered as happy ones, and may they ever recall with pleasure the cheery rooms, bright with pictures and flowers, and the smiling face of the teacher as she greets them each morning.

RECESS. JAN. 1931.

Saturday, February 21, 1931. Very fine.

Twenty-five students from Massachusetts Agricultural College - with two teachers - proved a most attentive group as the hostess told them the story of the Inn to-day.

It is an interesting fact, and one worthy of note, that students, no matter how giddy or boisterous at other times, invariably sober down and are seriously interested in all we have to offer. A psychologist might explain it - we can not. There is no rowdyism, no horse-play. We have been in museums and other public buildings where groups were turned out because of noisiness or other disorderly conduct - but not so at our Inn. Perhaps it is because of the home-like air that pervades it - it is a home, and therefore is treated with the respect due such a place.

This was again demonstrated when a group of twenty-two girls from Walnut Hill School, in Natick, Massachusetts, laughing, chattering, and in high spirits, came for dinner, and later quietly looked on as the dancing in the ball-room was in progress.

Dew St. Marks boys had luncheon with us to-day, making quite a group of students who were entertained at the Inn.

Anent the dancing: an announcement was made that a

February 21- continued.

set of dancers would be chosen to go to Dearborn to represent the Inn and to compete with a set chosen from dancers in the Michigan groups. Intense interest was shown and rivalry will be keen, we believe, until the final decision when the names of the fortunate couples are announced and bags are being packed for the longed-for trip.

Anne Dickerson.

-2/21/31-

WAYSIDE INN JOURNAL.

Monday. February 23, 1931. Warm; sunny.

A perfect spring day brought forth a host of visitors to the Inn. It was as tho the sun and warmth had liberated our friends from the gloom and solemnity of a long, hard winter and had sent them on a pace to renew acquaintances with the old tavern.

We welcomed representatives from a Springfield troup of Boy Scouts, who, as is always the case with our visitors, showed interest in our story and remained to wander about and observe for themselves long after the group about the hostess had dissolved.

Luncheon and dinner guests arriving reminded us of summer activities, and the fact that there were extra girls to serve in the dining-room helped to strengthen this impression.

Worthy of note is the fact that Miss Monahan has been made new hostess. We feel assured that she will make a success of it, and the good wishes of all go out to her in her position of responsibility.

In the evening a "birthday program" was presented by the senior boys of the school, in honor of Washington, Lincoln, Longfellow, and Edison — all of whom were

F.

born in February. The program was very well arranged, embracing as it did selections by the orchestra as well as songs by the boys, piano and violin solos and tacks on each of the four men honored. The fact that all of these men except Lincoln have been connected with the Inn is an interesting one.

Five of our boys have birthdays in February: as their names were read, they were requested to rise and a hearty round of applause was accorded them.

"In their tuxedos these young men presented a most pleasing appearance. We cannot express our reactions better than to quote one of the house guests who attended the exercises: "To see those fine young men was a joy: the spirit was so lovely, and they were all so vital and alive. It makes one want to adopt them all!"

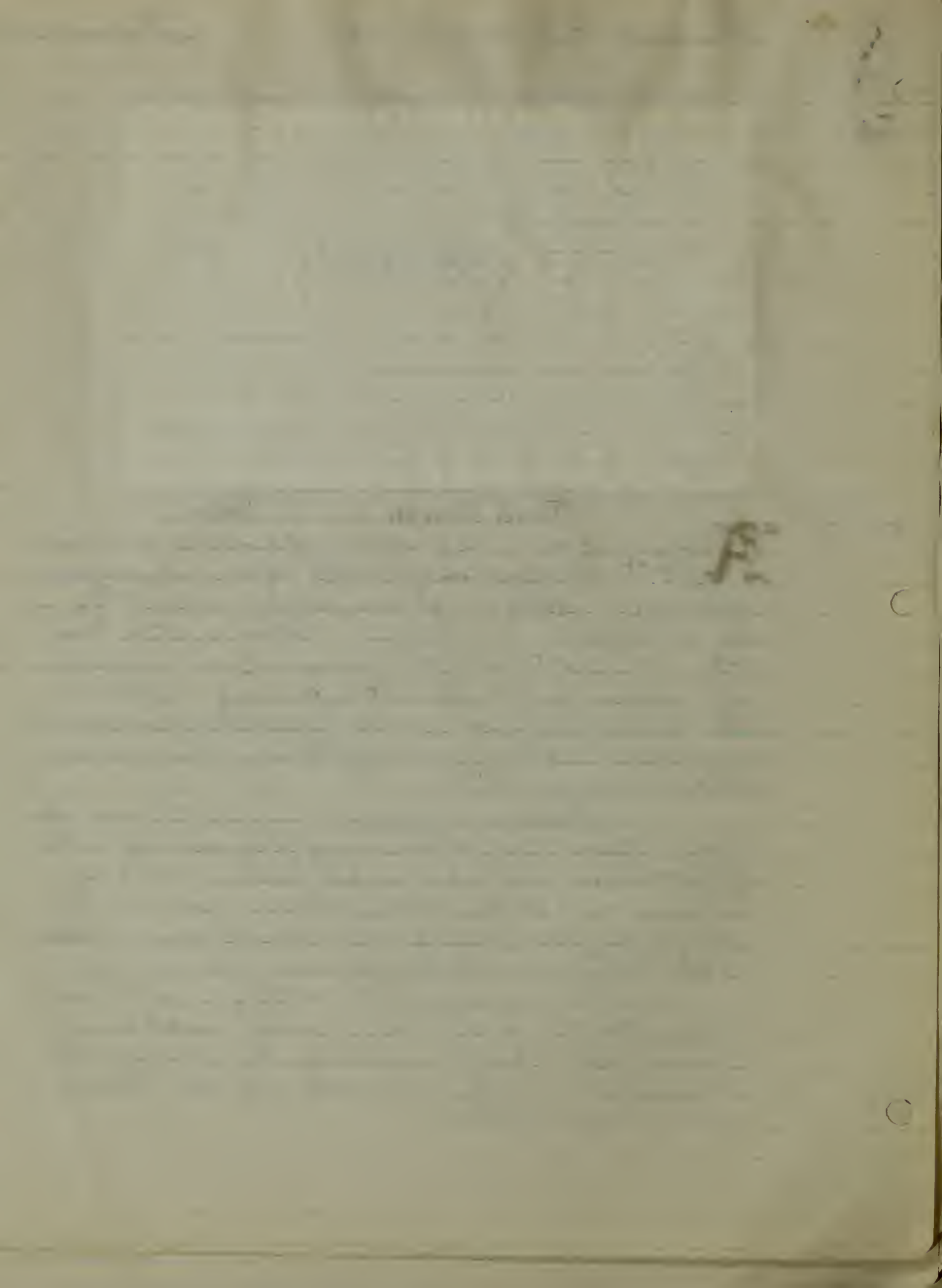
Tuesday, February 24, 1931. Farm-sunny.

From Boston. 1/31/31.

"Avenue: a way of approach or exit." Approach the Inn as you choose, either from the direction of Boston or from Worcester and the result is the same: a vista of beauty - be it spring when the hawthorne is a riot of color, or winter when everything is mantled in white.

Enter, if you will, from Boston. Then the prancing figure of the Red Horse on the sign seems to say, "Come - rest awhile. Here you will find something of cheer and interest. The old Inn never fails one."

Or leave the stage at Dutton Road and leisurely walk along the path which crosses the brook - "the" brook of the Hawthorne Inn Tales.



February 24- continued.

FROM WORCESTER. 1/31/31.

Do you sometimes catch the sound of a chuckle? Or is it fancy that prompts you to imagine you hear a merry laugh wafted to you above the sigh of the wind in the firs? But take care, you who lean in pensive mood over the bridge, and gaze upon the purling waters beneath. You would not, would you, impart a note of sadness to the song of our brook as it gurgles onward? Unlike the poet who writes:

"In fact, there's nothing that keeps
its youth
So far as I know, but a tree and
truth"—

we think our brook is ever youthful, ever young, innocent and unworldly.

Do leave your cares on the farther side of the stream

February 24- concluded.

and hasten to the Inn which, even as the brook, will always remain young, and which welcomes the stranger no matter the avenue by which he arrives.

Wednesday, February 25, 1931. Sunshine and warmth.

"Watchman, tell us of the night," said we, as the guardian of the Inn's sleeping hours appeared in the bar-room.

In ordinary phraseology, his "day" commences at eight in the evening and ends at four-thirty in the morning; crowded into those eight hours are many duties, as varied, perhaps, as those which fall to the lot of folk who work during the day.

Until eleven o'clock his rounds of the premises are made hourly, on the hour; at midnight he stops for "dinner"; and from twelve-thirty onward the rounds are made on the half-hour.

The time between the hourly inspections is taken up in various ways: during the course of the night the watchman disposes of the garbage, clears away soiled dishes if any chance to be about — which fact, by the way, is extremely unlikely — cleans the cream cans, and cards for the fires. He cleans the range, sets up the fireplaces in readiness for the morrow, gets out supplies for breakfast, and sees to the fire in the gate-house.

Three times during the night he visits the sheep to be certain that all is well, and at three-thirty, when he feeds the horses, he has another

February 25 - continued

peep at the woolly creatures, huddled together in their corner of the barn.

The man who covers all the other buildings of the Hayside Inn property makes five rounds each night, and on each trip travels fifteen miles.

What philosophers these guardians of the night might well become! In the stillness and solitude of it all, what problems might be solved, what battles won! It is in a situation of this kind that a man has an opportunity to know himself, and this is indeed the highest form of education.

Thursday, February 26, 1931. Sunny - warm.

It is a source of great pleasure to us when guests remark on the beauty of our floral decorations, and comment on the taste with which the plants are distributed throughout the house.

Particularly lovely to-day were the nasturtiums. Their bright flame color lent a note of cheer to the sombre darkness of the chest on which they were placed, and their sunny faces seemed to smile a mute greeting to the passers-by.

The begonias seemed to vie with the pink geraniums in the wealth of bloom produced by each plant. At every window in the small tall-room cheerful blossoms peeped forth; as the afternoon sun streamed in upon them, their colors were made even more vivid and bright.

Martha Washington geraniums, stately, proud and beautiful; cut flowers on every available chest or table, — flowers, flowers everywhere — it is just one more way in which the sun insinuates itself into the affections of the visitor. Cold, indeed, is he who can ignore completely the beauty of a house filled with colorful blossoms.

Friday, February 27, 1931. (Sunny - fair.

On this day - February 27, - one hundred and twenty - three years ago was born the man who did more, perhaps, to immortalize the "Red House Tavern" than any other person: Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, honored at home and abroad, friend of children, lover of nature, and comrade of rich and poor alike. -

To-day, on the anniversary of his birth, some of our boys placed a wreath upon his grave; a mute but eloquent testimony of the love and esteem in which his memory has been held.

To us, Longfellow still lives: by his books in our library, his handwriting in the parlor, his pictures; and most of all, his descendants who come to us and enjoy the hospitality so often lavished upon their distinguished ancestor.

We like to recall the visits of "Grave Alice"; her regal dignity as she viewed, as from a throne, the merriment of the dancing in the old ball - room, or her gracious kindliness as she recalled scenes from her childhood and talked of her illustrious father. Hers was the true aristocracy of the mind - cultured, refined, and altogether charming.

February 27 – continued.

Let us, like the "Village Blacksmith", go

"Toiling – rejoicing – sorrowing" –

and each day strive to see

"Something attempted, something done".

Then, indeed, shall we "earn a night's repose".

Saturday, February 28, 1931. "Surely 'tis spring!"

As tho made to order, to-day dawned clear and fine, and it was in a blaze of spring sunshine that the Unitarian Intercollegiate Conference entered the Inn for its fourth annual session.

Thirty-five keen young people, all actively interested not only in their connection but likewise in hearing about the Inn, made the place fairly buzz with a spirit of comradery and friendliness.

This same attitude was evidenced later on when the group joined us in our customary Saturday night assembly in the ball-room. Until eleven o'clock visitors and "family" alike danced; and from all appearances enjoyed it immensely. One of the visiting men, looking at his watch, said, "Surely this can't be the last dance! Just one more, please!" Thus the time passed, as they say, on wings; it was not until the bus for Marlboro departed that the Inn settled down to the appearance of age and decorum which so many think is the only attitude the home possesses.

Anne Dickerson.

2/28/31.

February 28-1931.-

FOURTH ANNUAL
Unitarian Intercollegiate Conference
for New England

SUBJECT

"MALADJUSTMENTS"

Time: Saturday and Sunday, February 28, and March 1, 1931
Place: Longfellow's Wayside Inn, South Sudbury, Massachusetts

PROGRAM

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 28

1.00 P.M. Luncheon.

2.30 Welcome and Introduction to the Conference, Everett M. Baker.

2.45 Address, "Social and Mental Adjustments," Dr. A. Warren Stearns, Massachusetts Commissioner of Correction and Dean of Tufts Medical School. Discussion.

4-4.30 Recreation.

4.30 Address, "International Maladjustments," Leonard W. Cronkhite, Boston Importer and Exporter, Trustee of World Peace Foundation and Director of League of Nations Association. Discussion.

6.00 Supper.

7.00 Bus for Marlboro from Wayside Inn.

8.15 Return Bus from Marlboro.

8.30 Dance.

12.00 Bus for Marlboro.

SUNDAY, MARCH 1

9.30 A.M. Bus from Marlboro.

10.00 Address, "Industrial and Economic Adjustments," Mr. Henry S. Dennison, President of the Dennison Manufacturing Company. Discussion.

12.00 M. Forum, "Influence of Newspapers in Problems of Maladjustments."

1.00 P.M. Dinner.

2.30 Church Service, Rev. Leslie T. Pennington, Conference Minister.

Executive Committee

Everett M. Baker, *Chairman*
Kenneth C. Walker, *Treasurer*
Caroline Drisko, *Secretary*
Marion Mellus
Robert H. Schacht, Jr.

Information

The Conference is aimed to interest all liberal college students, whatever their denominational preference.

Registration Fee of one dollar should be sent to Caroline Drisko, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, to insure reservations for the week-end.

Overnight Accommodations are being supplied by Marlboro Unitarians.

Transportation to and from Marlboro will be by bus at the expense of the Conference.

The Cost of the Conference to each delegate is a maximum of five dollars for meals, with a possible reduction by an appropriation from the Conference treasury. This is because of the invariably high standards of meals at the Inn.

Further appropriation is being made by the Committee, for the benefit of bringing delegates from a distance. Application should be made to Caroline Drisko with information as to the carfare involved and the amount the delegate is prepared to pay.

Advisory Committee

Robert B. Williams.....Amherst
Richard C. Eliott.....Bates
Angie Parfitt.....Boston University
Charles E. Southworth.....Brown
Betty Muther.....Colby
Leona J. Hartstone.....Connecticut
Roland B. Greeley.....Harvard
Pauline E. Wood.....Jackson
Mildred Twiss.....M.A.C.
Stephen Muther.....M.I.T.
Louise E. Brayton.....Middlebury
Ruth J. Erlanger.....Mt. Holyoke
Mildred Kip.....Radcliffe
Frances Atwood.....Simmons
Barbara Honeyman.....Smith
Bradford E. Gale.....Tufts
W. Woodbury Howard.....U. of Maine
Marion Mellus.....Wellesley
J. Baldwin Pearson.....Wesleyan Univ.
A. F. Townsend, Jr.....Worcester Poly. Inst.

WAYSIDE INN JOURNAL.

Sunday, March 1, 1931. Fair; warm.

Breakfast was served to those of our Unitarian friends who had remained at the Inn Saturday night. A leisurely 7:15 Sunday meal, served in the old dining room, and eaten with a gusto that proclaimed normal, healthy appetites.

Later on in the morning, some of the lads from the Boys' School came for the lecture given by Mr. Dennison. An interesting speaker, he held the attention of his audience, so that the gathering did not break up until one o'clock. At this time, the visitors sat down to a typical Wayside Inn meal — our chicken dinner.

At the announcement made by Miss Monahan that the Conference owned be free from all financial responsibility, the guests expressed their sincere gratitude for and appreciation of Mr. Ford's kindness and hospitality.

A church service in the afternoon and departure at about five o'clock terminated a most pleasant association of two days' duration.

Monday, March 2, 1931. Warm; sunny.

After a vacation of a week, the "Mary Lamt" and Southwest schools re-opened to-day with nearly perfect attendance and a spirit of co-operation manifesting itself on the part of the pupils. New reading books for the Southwest scholars may have had something to do with this attitude, but we like to feel that it was the result of the untiring and painstaking efforts which have been put forth by Mrs. Foale, the teacher.

It was amusing to hear one child announce that it was "better to go to the Southwest School, even tho the town school (Sudbury) 'got out' early" because of town elections.

We believe that the children really do enjoy attending the Hayside Dun schools, and we feel that no effort should be spared to give them the very best educational and moral training to fit them for life.

Those whose privilege it is to instruct the pupils feel the responsibilities of their positions and are ever on the alert for new or more interesting methods of presenting the subjects taught and of elevating the standards to the highest degree possible.

Tuesday, March 3, 1931. Sunny; snow; wind.

The tiny, wrinkled leather boots hanging overhead interest and charm us with their faded tops of red. The toes are scuffed, the heels are worn, the leather furrowed, dark; each wooden peg that held the soles has left its tiny mark. They're hung by straps - such tiny ones! all soft and brown and torn; and years have come and passed away since first these boots were worn.

I see him now - a sturdy lad, with cheeks of ruddy hue; a sunny smile, a happy laugh, a noble heart and true. To school, to church, up hill and down, - the roads he knew full well; - if only these small boots could speak, what stories they might tell of happy hours and childhood joys, small pleasures, griefs and pain - of days with sun and laughter filled, or dreariness and rain.

But what of those who follow him, this child of long ago? Do they possess the same ideals and courage? Do they know that objects like our precious boots are symbols of our might, - the fabric of our Nation's strength, integrity and right?

So let us keep them hanging there to help us, and to cheer and fascinate the visitors who chance to wander here.

Wednesday, March 4, 1931. Very snowy.

Having basked in glorious spring weather for nearly a fortnight, we were in a measure unprepared for the typical New England snowstorm which descended upon us yesterday afternoon and continued all of to-day. Perhaps there was a suspicion of a sigh at the return of winter, but we are fain to admit that there is a beauty and charm about the Sun in winter garb that somehow is lacking in spring or summer.

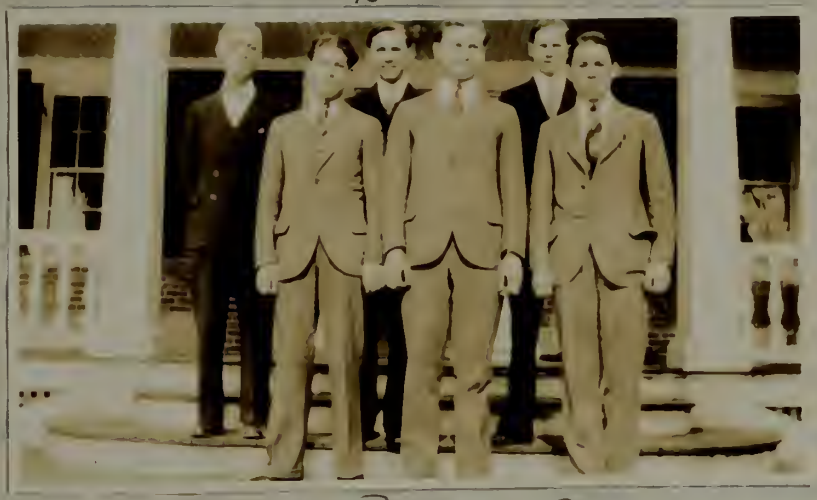
Thru the kindness of Mrs. Hare, who introduced him, Mr. Henry Turner Bailey addressed the boys of the school and their friends this evening. Well-known as an artist, he became quite closely identified with the Sun when we were told that he has designed an emblem for the Farm and Garden Society.

In his talk, illustrating on the blackboard as he proceeded, Mr. Bailey spoke on "rhythm in life and nature" and showed how nature is as truly rhythmical as is music. We learned that a tree is in "march-time", a clover in "waltz-time", and so on thru various cleverly explained examples. Space does not permit a detailed account of the talk, but his listeners were attentive

March 4- continued.

and interested from start to finish.
Music by the Trio and the Glee Club opened and closed the program at the finish of which Mr. Bailey announced his desire of coming to us again, as we hope he may.

2/31.



-Boys in Mr. Boyer's Course-
-Restaurant and Hotel-
-Management-

- M. Srodolsky - E. Stoddard-
T. Margellar- M. Bolesky- George Hill.

Thursday, March 5-1931. Clear-fair.

Strange new sounds were heard coming from the direction of the ballroom this afternoon; wailing, doleful sounds- not at all the sort to which we have been accustomed. They reminded us of the "accents disconsolate" of the ocean in Longfellow's 'Evangeline'.

Upon investigation we found the 'cellist of the Inn trio- perched on a stool and nearly hidden by the instrument which was rakishly propped before her, and upon which she was raving away with a vim and vigor marvelous to behold. A double-bass is not the most beautiful nor yet the most graceful instrument at which to look; but realizing its vast importance in orchestral work, this young woman has set out to master its intricacies and to coax forth from the huge object something of music, something of value.

We were told that the ballroom was the only room in which she could comfortably hold forth, as most of the other rooms were too low-ceiled!

The foregoing is typical of our work at the Inn: each of us does not only one, but two or more different things; the result is that one is spared the tedium and monotony of routine tasks, and feels that there

March 5— continued.

is a purpose back of it all- that we are promoters of a worthwhile project and co-workers in a noble undertaking.

Friday, March 6, 1931- Snow - then clear.

Nineteen thirty-one has seen birthdays galore at the Inn. January ushered them in with that of the Redstone School, while February brought the celebration of the natal days of Washington, Lincoln, Longfellow, and Edison, as well as those of five of our boys.

Yesterday - March 5 - marked the beginning of the fourth year of the Hayside Inn School for Boys. As a fitting celebration of the Event, seven chosen went to Boston. The seven boys who have been here since the school opened were, of course, the gentlemen of the party - and the fact that Charles Barkhouse, Michael Boleshy, William Bridges, George Hill, Tom Margellar, Louis Seligman, and Earl Stoddard have been with us since the beginning is very gratifying.

Mr. and Mrs. Bayer went along as chaperones, meeting their young charges at six o'clock, when, as one of the boys expressed it, they "started out in two sedans and the touring car and met at the Brunswick. Then" - (all excitement, as he relived the experience) "we went to the Egyptian Room and dined and danced until nine o'clock. Afterward we went to the "Met" and saw a dandy show, and came out at 11:30 and then we started for home and were held

March 6- continued.

up for speeding. We had a fine time, but we got home awfully late." Thus speaks Youth - we are constrained to remark that we believe the highlights of the excursion were the facts that the party ran out of gas on the way home and were held up for speeding. One other item was supplied later by the same young man - namely, that one of the cars ran over a skunk!

The remarks just quoted go far toward proving that our boys are normal, healthy Americans, and it is to keep them red- blooded and keen that we strive our hardest and put forth our greatest energies.

Saturday, March 7, 1931. Warm; sunny.

"East is East and West is West, and never the twain shall meet" sings the poet. The truth of that statement has often been questioned, and when a group of six young men from Springfield College came to visit the Dun we too wondered if perhaps the bard were not entirely wrong.

These boys represented Italy, Argentina, China, Korea, Australia, and the United States and each was a distinct type.

In telling their different nationalities, one of them said, "And my friend here is from Japan."

The Korean flew into a rage and shouted: "No, no! I not Japanese — I Korean. Do not say I Japanese!" And the other was forced to retract his statement.

The American was tall, fair, and of the out-of-doors type one reads about and sometimes sees. He towered head and shoulders above his companions and from his point of vantage beamed down benignantly upon them.

As a contrast, we had five girls from Framingham Normal School, who were all distinctly American, but who were none the less interesting and interested in their leisured ramble thru the house.

March 7- continued.

Our one regret is that we are not able at present to show our guests the old kitchen. The flooring is gone, the walls down, and with no ceiling it presents a sorry appearance just now. But, if one may judge by the steadiness of the hammer-blows and the speed with which the new work, it will be but a comparatively short time before the room is again open to the public.

Wayside Inn Journal.

Monday, March 9, 1931. (Sunny and warm).

One day last week there was at the Inn a most interesting man — one of a group, but easily segregated from the others by reason of his manner. He proved to be a Canadian, but one who has seen and accomplished a great deal.

Dr. George S. Nasmith served in the late war with the Canadian Expeditionary Force from August, 1914, to November, 1916. He was present at the second battle of Ypres when the first German gas attack was made. He correctly diagnosed the gas as chlorine and suggested to General Rawlinson the first simple gas mask which was adopted.

He was mentioned in dispatches and made Companion of St. Michael and St. George — "for distinguished services to the British Army in France." He was invalided to Canada in November, 1916, and retired for war disabilities with the rank of Colonel.

Dr. Nasmith carries the following letters after his name: M. A.; LL. D.; D. Sc.; D. P. H.; C. M. G.

We wish it were possible for each hostess to know to how many people of different professions she tells the story of the Inn in the

March 9- continued.

course of a season. It would be more than retiring idle curiosity: it would give a definite, conclusive proof that, as one guest colorfully - if not elegantly - stated, the "old Inn 'gets' you in one way or another."

And it is true: we had a young architect from California who positively 'raved' over the panel over the fireplace in the Parsons room; to another visitor, the only thing we had of interest was the stairway at the back of the building; still a third found the floral decorations most enticing, while the Longfellow association fascinates practically everyone.

'Tis as tho the shrewd old structure were practising a subtle kind of psychology upon us all. Perhaps - who knows, who knows?

Tuesday, March 10, 1931. Rain; snow.

"Down swept the chill wind from the mountain peak" — Graphically was this illustrated to-day when a typical March wind blew and howled about the Inn, bringing with it snow and later rain which drenched everything and made ponds of pools and rivers of many of the roads roundabout.

Much has been written and said about New England weather, and the subject is well-nigh exhausted, or so one would ordinarily think. But when, after a "spell" of mild and pleasant weather, we are served a gale which damages property and cripples shipping, it is natural to comment upon it.

But what a spectacle is presented at such a time: stately elms, their long, graceful branches swaying crazily in the wind, and creaking with the force that moves them; the trees, with heads down held to withstand the fury of the wind and moving even more slowly than is their wont as they start on their way. The weird, staccato rhythm of raindrops beating against the panes in gate house and Inn; the creak of the "Red House" prancing on the sign — which bears an uncanny resemblance to the tone of a

March 10- continued.

distant violin- all these sounds combined seem to make the Inn a haven on such a day.

"May we come in and get dry and warm?" asked a woman, as she and her son stood at the front door. As they sat before the fire one was very easily transported in fancy to a former day, when the wind howled, a shutter banged, and far in the distance a hound's bay could be heard, while mine host of the Red Horse served up his best flip in glasses of matchless Stiegel to the merry company gathered about the friendly hearth.

Wednesday, March 11, 1931. — Fair.

The Laboratory - melting pot of the Rapid Run activities - "hospital" for articles in need of repairs, and workshop of the Run. Sick and ailing cars are sent here for treatment and any "surgery" which may be necessary to recondition and revive them.

Periodic oiling and greasing of the Run machines is done at the "Lab.," and the practical knowledge gained by the boys as they work is invaluable.

Busily engaged in building footstools, turning and cutting the legs to the desired size and shape, and fitting them into their proper places, several of the younger boys showed a more than ordinary ability and a surprising aptitude for the work in hand.

A neat desk stood ready for stain or varnish which would make of it a finished product, while various articles scattered about testified to the fact that the "Lab." is indeed a constructive place.

The pet of all the boys in the school, but jealously cared for by the three who are building it, the air-plane rests, in part, in the basement of the

March 11 - continued.

Laboratory. It is how it is progressing steadily and well, and we hope to see it in the field soon. We shall hear of the plane again later on.

The long, low, brown building, off the main road, solemn and sanitary in external appearance, but teeming with activity within, is a most fascinating object to the stroller, and is, we firmly believe, a most important item in the training of our boys.

-AT THE LABORATORY-
-MARCH 11, 1931.-

Thursday, March 12, 1931. Fair.

"Hi, Charlie! C'mon down — a lady wants to ask you something about the trees." Thus was an interview granted at the entrance to the Sun where tree surgeons were working on the pair of huge oaks at either side of the road.

Measuring twenty feet in circumference at its base, and estimated as being more than four hundred years old, this tree was being carefully treated to a protective filling of concrete. Age had eaten a cavity into its trunk as destructive as that caused by insects. This cavity had been thoroughly scraped, nails driven into the tree, and wires stretched over the nails, after which the concrete — made of equal parts of gravel and cement — was poured into the hole, carefully tamped, and then more added, until the hollow place was entirely filled and only the scar in the form of the cement filling remained to remind one of the disfigurement.

Many of the Sun trees are in need of the "doctor" — and what a joy it is that there are men

March 12th continued.

who know how to save our trees, and who, by saving them, are preserving the true aristocracy of America.

"ONLY GOD CAN MAKE A TREE."

Friday, March 13, 1931. Sunny and warm.

Queer ideas and fantastic notions take possession of some people; knowing this, we were not surprised unduly when a woman asked to-day if the children who were dancing (the Mary Lamb and Southwest groups) were "all from the orphanage." She seemed quite surprised to learn that Mr. Ford does not "run an orphan asylum"!

At another time, after one of the School assemblies, and before the speaker's desk had been removed from the ball-room, a visitor remarked: "Oh, look! They hold services here - see the pulpit and the organ!" While yet another asked when the room (ball-room) would be finished!

It is most interesting to note the celerity with which the human mind hops from one conclusion to another, with scarcely a pause between for coherent speech or thought.

It fell it very nearly as much as tho some one had misunderstood us personally when we hear some of the erroneous beliefs uttered by unthinking visitors. Contrasted with such, however, are the perfectly charming and at-

March 13 - continued.

gether delightful people, - who, we are happy to say, make up the majority of our guests - and who intelligently comment on one thing or another in a quiet, capable manner. Many times unconscious of the fact, they nevertheless frequently impart as much information to the hostess as can be gleaned from hours of reading. It is this class which adds to the joy of hostess-work and makes us happy in our connection with the old Tavern.

Saturday, March 14, 1931. A perfect day.

It seems as tho most of our visitors inquire about the old kitchen upon seeing the closed door between that room and the Washington dining room. Countless numbers of times we have heard, "Oh, dear! I've seen the kitchen myself, but I did so want my friend here from Detroit to see it. She's read all about the place and it seems a pity that we had to come just when the best room in the house is being repaired. When will it be open again? And have you any cards so that she may get an idea of the furnishings? And maybe it we just peep into the room." And so on. The only difference in the foregoing as it is repeated time after time is that "Detroit" sometimes is Canada or Australia or California or some other spot on the earth's surface.

-MARCH 12-1931-

Our guests feel a sense of loss in the temporary closing of the old kitchen, those who tell

March 14- continued.

the story of the Inn feel it much more keenly. It is as tho a friend we admire and love were away on an extended journey and we were counting the days until his return. The objects in the room and the placing of them, the arrangement of flowers, the logs blazing in the fireplace- all combine to bring a lump to our throats and a ring at our heart-strings when we allow ourselves to dwell on thoughts of what it would be like were the Inn no longer to exist.

But— the sun is shining, birds are returning to our garden, the snow is fast disappearing from the hills, and— we refuse to be downcast! Father—

"Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate"—

Such was the attitude of those who guided the Inn's destinies in the past, and we can do no better than to emulate their example.

Anne Dickerson.

3/4/31.

Wayside Inn Journal.

Monday, March 16, 1931. A "gray" day.

The "school days, school days, dear old "Golden Rule" days" of our childhood were vividly recalled to-day when the hostesses were subjected to an examination on the Inn — its history, furnishings and associations. Fountain pens were brought into play and their busy scratching as page after page was filled with writing testified to the fact that some of the girls, at least, had been "reading up" on the old place.

There is the danger, in our association with the Inn, that we may allow ourselves to become sentimental over the old house. Not that that in itself is condemnatory, but when carried to extremes is apt to cheapen and degrade our tavern. Therefore, it was to keep their pens from trailing on and on that the hostesses had to endeavor to make their answers to the point and more or less brief. However, with a subject as inexhaustible as that of the Wayside Inn, one might, we hope, be forgiven if she erred on the side of lengthiness in her answers!

Tuesday, March 17, 1931. Raw; cold.

March 17 - anniversary of the Evacuation by the British of Dorchester Heights and birthday of Ireland's patron saint. At the Inn it was simply Tuesday, March 17. Classes and activities continued as usual and guests came and went, while the March wind howled and beat about the building.

A group of eight girls, honor students, from Dorchester High School for Girls, visited the Inn with their teacher, and had tea. They must have been interested, for they kept the hostess busy explaining things for at least an hour; she, of course, was only too willing to be thus occupied!

The Mary Lamb children assembled in the hall-room for their rhythmic band work. Drum, cymbals, tambourine and triangle were the instruments used, and several groups took turns in performing. Three or four folk tunes were played; "The Campbells are Coming" seemed to be the "piece de resistance": they were heard coming from a distance, to the accompaniment of muffled drum-beats; then nearer and nearer as the entire "band" played; one by one the instruments dropped out until only the sound of the drum indicated

March 17- continued.

that the Campbells had returned to whatever place it was from which they had come; and finally silence as the last Scotchman disappeared from sight and sound.

Diligent youngsters, these Redstone-ers: with their scores propped before them and lips busily moving as they counted "one-two; one-two"; they showed what can be done in the way of team work, and that every child possesses some rhythmic ability within him which only needs the right training to bring ~~it~~ to light.

Wednesday, March 18, 1931. Clear; fine.

Four girls from Radcliffe College, a gentleman from Bogota, Republic of Columbia, South America, and a retired actress who operates a very successful inn in the western part of the state were among our visitors to-day.

A group of ladies expressed their delight at actually seeing a boy having a piano lesson in "that perfectly charming old ballroom and at that dear little piano." When told that the "dear little piano" was over eighty-eight years old, their enthusiasm became even greater, and they lingered to hear about the boys of the school and the work being done by and for them.

It developed that one of the women was a pianist and had done extensive work along lines somewhat similar to that we are following, and her comments were most interesting and helpful.

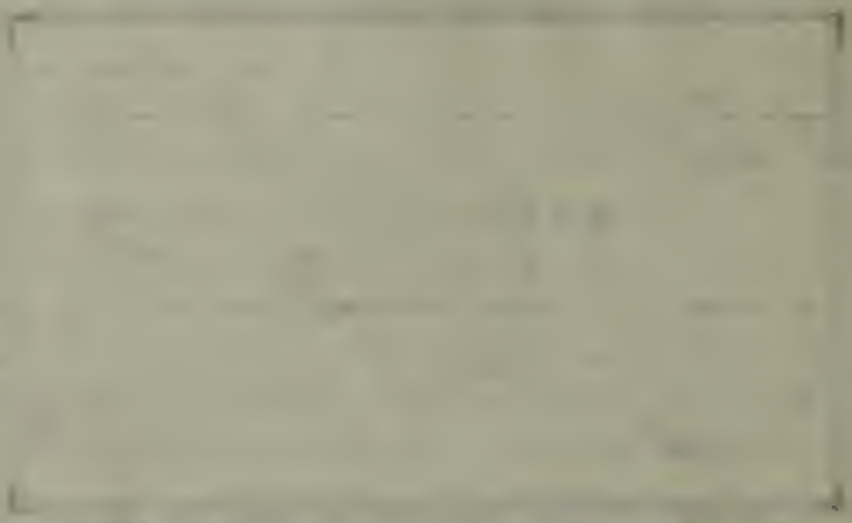
Thus, while imparting knowledge to our guests, we in turn receive information from them. (Tho we must confess that sometimes we do tire slightly of hearing that "my first husband's family were distant relations of the family that built this house")! Seriously, however, we never take a group thru the

March 18,- continued.

Sun without learning something, even tho it may be merely to observe human nature more closely. That, in itself, is an education.

MERCHANDISING CLASS.- MAR., 1931.

T. HOGAN- MR. CAHILL- W. BRIDGES.



Thursday, March 19, 1931. Sunshine.

Does the Red Horse Tavern ever smile at the number of activities which are carried on within its walls? If it does, it is a smile of contentment and happiness, we are certain.

On approaching the entrance, the guest hears the sound of a violin coming faintly from the third story, and as he enters the bar-room to order his meal, he is invited by a hostess to relax or to wander about the house, as he prefers.

Let us suppose he chooses to wander. Our worthy friends are still hard at work in the old kitchen, and the usual pause is made by the guest as he stares at the closed door. There is always a certain fascination about a door that is closed — be it a real portal or merely a mental one. But we wander from our subject.

In the lower hall, our traveler perceives a hostess busily engaged in "touching up" the old wall-paper, and so well does she do it that he must needs stop and watch. But what is that sound coming from above — from the old ball-room? Not another violin, surely, — it is too low-pitched. A cello-lesson is in progress; while investigation of the large ball-room discloses a piano student more

March 19 - continued.

- or less - hard at work practising.

Luncheon over, our guest decides to "make a day of it" and remains at the Inn. A trio rehearsal interests him, for he himself once played the violin.

Directly after the rehearsal, one of the boys of the school arrives for a vocal lesson and sings lustily until time for supper.

Fascinated, the observer tarries even after the last lad has left the dining room, and then joins the entire group in the ball-room above where they have assembled for a Glee Club rehearsal. As a finish to his day, he sees a boy safely started on his piano lesson, and then departs, filled with amazement at the number and variety of activities carried on at the old tavern.

Friday, March 20, 1931. A March day.

The first of a series of talks on Health was given by Mr. Varrichione this afternoon in the small ball-room. A goodly number of the workers at the Inn attended and showed their interest by the fact that they reminded the speaker that he had not used all the time allowed him — an unusual comment, to say the least!

Four boys from Concord High School (Mass.) and three students from Boston University School of Theology viewed our treasures today. The journalist and poet, T. A. Daly, expressed his delight at the friendliness and hospitality of the Inn.

At the junior boys' dancing class in the evening, the announcement was made that these assemblies would be discontinued until after the Lenten season. The sigh that went up was quite general and was not confined to the young ladies alone. It has been most interesting to note the progress made by these youngsters — they "catch on" quite easily to new steps and figures, and it is a pleasure to watch them as they move about the hall.

As for the interest shown — the fact that the boys submit lists of marches, waltzes, "gallops" (as one

March 20 - continued.

boy had it) to the pianist with the request that she use any or all of the numbers during the course of the evening, proves beyond doubt that they enjoy their Friday classes.

Saturday, March 21, 1931. A Bright and sunny.

Spring was ushered in with bright sunshine and gentle breezes. It was an active day at the Inn. The morning assembly of the Boys' School took the form of a musical program, and consisted of trio numbers and violin and 'cello solos. Mrs. Hatch very ably and in an interesting manner told the story of the opera "Carmen," relating a bit about each song as it appeared when the trio played. This was an "opera morning," inasmuch as all the music used was from some opera.

It is always a pleasure to have Dearborn members of the "family" come to the Inn, and when Mr. Lovett arrived this morning we were happy to welcome him. The assistance he gave in explaining uncertain points in some of the dances was invaluable, and we all benefit by having been present to hear him.

Again the tuxedos of the men made an impressive background for the many-colored gowns of the ladies, at this, the third formal dance of the season.

Announcement was made of the eight couples chosen by the judges to prepare for the forth coming Detroit trip. From these sixteen, the best eight will be

March 21- continued.

selected to form a set which will represent the Inn at Dearborn. Need we say that the silence was very noticeable when the names were about to be read?

Inasmuch as there is much hard work to be accomplished by those who were chosen, the time usually taken up by our Saturday dances will be devoted to intensive work and drill on the finer points of each dance. It all promises to be most interesting and we await the result with impatience.

"KNEE-DEEP LIES THE WINTER SNOW."

Anne Dickenson.

" 3/21/31.

WAYSIDE INN JOURNAL.

Monday, March 23, 1931. A gorgeous spring day.

-KITCHEN CREW- 3/31.-

As we go about the Wayside Inn property in quest of items of interest, we are pleasantly impressed by the spirit of co-operation which is everywhere in evidence. When the request is made that some particular group pose for a picture, there is no hesitation — or is it modesty? — and each one seems willing and anxious to do his or her part. There is the natural query as to why the picture is to be taken and a request for additional copies; but it is the smiling acquiescence with which we are greeted that helps make the work a pleasure.

This it meant that some

March 23 - continued.

of the workers gave up a portion of their leisure time, they were, nevertheless, willing to pose one day recently when we wished a picture of the kitchen staff.

And yet, upon consideration, we cannot honestly express surprise at the smiles on their faces, for so many are the compliments on the well-cooked food eaten by our guests that we cannot blame the culinary department for being happy and contented!

Tuesday, March 24, 1931. Sunshine.

Some one once facetiously dubbed our Redstone children the "Merry Lambs". It was not too far-fetched, either, for they generally are merry, tho they are seldom lambs! Normal, healthy youngsters they are, but sometimes showing poise which would do credit to older children. This was instanced to-day when a dozen or more guests of the Inn entered the ball-room and seated themselves as the children were having their rhythmic band lesson. It apparently phased the performers not a bit, for the lesson went on as tho there were no outsiders present.

Posing for their pictures was no ordeal for them - they were perfectly willing and ready to do it.

Twenty-one students from Hopkins Academy (Hadley, Mass.) went thru the Inn to-day, while on our register we spied a typical French name with Paris, France, as the accompanying address. Three or four lines farther down was an entry from Korea. It is sort of a "Mahomet-must-come-to-the-mountain" feeling, and we like it immensely.

Tuesday night brings the regular weekly rehearsal of

March 24- continued.

the orchestra of the Bayo School — and the usual tuning-up process began promptly at seven o'clock. For an hour the ball-room rang with the sound of march, waltz, and overture, and then fiddle cases popped shut as violins were placed within; ~~and~~ the drummer carefully packed his drum away and one by one the musicians left the ball-room and the Inn settled down to nocturnal calm and quiet.

RHYTHM BAND. 3/24/31.

Wednesday, March 25, 193-. Rain.

The eight couples, four of which will be chosen to go to Detroit as representatives of the Hayride Inn, met tonight to start preparations for the big event. They entered, these doughty souls, with determined and serious countenances; but before long solemn looks were replaced by smiles, which in turn gave way to scarcely restrained laughter, as various "setting-up" exercises were given as aids to certain of the dances.

Good dancers all, each nevertheless recognized the fact that he or she must be better than good to successfully compete with their opponents and reflect credit upon our precious Inn.

Varsouvienne, waltz, galop, schottische, gavotte, duchess — all came in for their share of drill. Attention to details which, to the ordinary observer would appear negligible, took up the time devoted to each dance, and it was interesting to note how some of those present improved as the evening advanced. A change of hand position, more erect carriage, a little more bodily grace in the movements of the dance — these were some of the changes for the better that were easily recognized.

(2)

March 25 - continued

We hope that all sixteen candidates will prove so excellent that there will be difficulty in selecting the four best couples from the group!

Thursday, March 26, 1931. Snow; ten five.

1927.

None of the workers at the Inn, we feel certain, realized how few pictures we have of Miss Welch until a search thru the various albums and collections revealed but a very scant number. Glad tho we are to have them, we wish there were more.

A merry, happy group of hostesses and manager posed in the summer of 1927 on the porch of the Inn. Of this

1930.

March 26 - continued.

group but three remain with us: Miss Hopkins, Miss de Mille and Mr. Bayer. We value the snapshot because we consider it a particularly good likeness of Miss Welch.

JUNE, 1930.

The Easter (1930) service held on the mountain is recalled by the picture taken by one of the number just before the group left for home.

One of the most enjoyable days for Miss Welch was the day last September when the Southwest School opened its doors for the first time to the scholars of the town and the work of instruction was begun in the third of the Wayside Inn Schools.

Sept., 1930.

Friday, March 27, 1931. A beautiful day.

The second of Mr. Varrichione's talks on health proved even more interesting than the first, in that he went into detail as to the kinds of foods we should include in our diet. He mentioned the three general headings under which our commonly used foods are grouped: building, -fuel, and regulating.

It seems to us that our diet at the Inn is based on common-sense principles — surely no one is the worse for having eaten the food served.

In the party of twenty-five which Dr. Lowsley entertained at dinner tonight was Dr. Arbuckle, of Mr. Ford's Hospital.

A guest from the South Sea Islands touched elbows, as it were, with a visitor from Canada (New Brunswick), while California and Portuguese West Africa were adjacent entries in the guest book. Our tavern might well be called "a house for all peoples" — for to it flock representatives of practically every land, and each takes away with him a very definite impression and opinion of the historic building.

Saturday, March 28, 1931. Fair; rain at night.

Apropos of what was written yesterday concerning the distances from which our visitors come, we think the following may prove of interest.

People from eight different sections of Canada represented that country very well at the Inn today, while a young lady from Bengal, India, was a most fascinated listener. It developed that she lectures in this country and she invited the hostess who showed her about the Inn to attend one of her lectures. Then, in a naïve manner that was perfectly charming, she said, "And I bring with me my friends, — for I come back again. I have had so fine a time."

Sweden sent us a guest, and from Johannesburg, South Africa, came another.

We sometimes wonder if our "landlord" experiences the same thrill of satisfaction which comes over us when we hear the expressions of delight and appreciation of the many, many visitors who cross our threshold. Such is the joy of ownership!

A small group met in the ball-room to dance tonight — the same eight couples who worked

March 28- continued.

together on Wednesday evening. From the number of onlookers - dinner guests at the Inn - 'twould seem that old-fashioned dancing holds an interest for the uninitiated as well as for us who make this form of recreation a part of our daily life.

Anne Dickerson.
" 3/28/31.

MARCH. 1931.

-Wayside Inn Journal-

Monday, March 30, 1931. Fine.

The executive committee of the Swampscott Women's Club today chose the Inn as their meeting-place. Eleven well-groomed, interesting women, members of one of the most active women's clubs in the state, had luncheon in the old dining room, and then adjourned to the ball room for their meeting.

Rehearsals seemed to be the order of the day - the boys from Solomon Dutton House utilized the time after supper for work on their forthcoming production, while the faculty play, scheduled for the same night, was rehearsed just before the evening meal. As is generally the case, a great deal of the enjoyment of amateur theatricals comes from the fun of rehearsals, altho the thrill afforded by an expectant audience is a spur to greater endeavor and achievement.

Rivalry between the two houses - Solomon Dutton and Calvin How - is keen. The boys all seem to be interested in their parts and we believe we have unearthed some hitherto latent histrionic ability.

Tuesday, March 31, 1931. A perfect day.

Nine baby lambs have been added to the woolly family housed in the Hayride Inn barn. Helpless, blinking little creatures on uncertain, spindly legs, they fill the barn with their pitiful bleating, and by their tiny size, cause the sheep to appear huge in comparison.

"THE SPRING LAMBS HAVE ARRIVED."

One of our friends most tried and true — Mrs. Spicer — arrived today, and as usual we were most happy to welcome her.

Eleven guests were in the party of Professor Scheele. These

March 31- continued.

men assemble at the Inn once each year for the purpose of perpetuating the "Tales of a Wayside Inn." They call themselves the "Wayside Inn Group;" and after partaking of a typical Inn meal, the men gather in the bar-room, where, seated before the roaring fire, they spin yarns and actually re-live the Tales. Thru the pipe and cigar smoke one can faintly see the expressions of contentment and happiness with which each face is marked: contentment with life and happiness in the fact of their being at the Inn in such a unique capacity.